

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 4

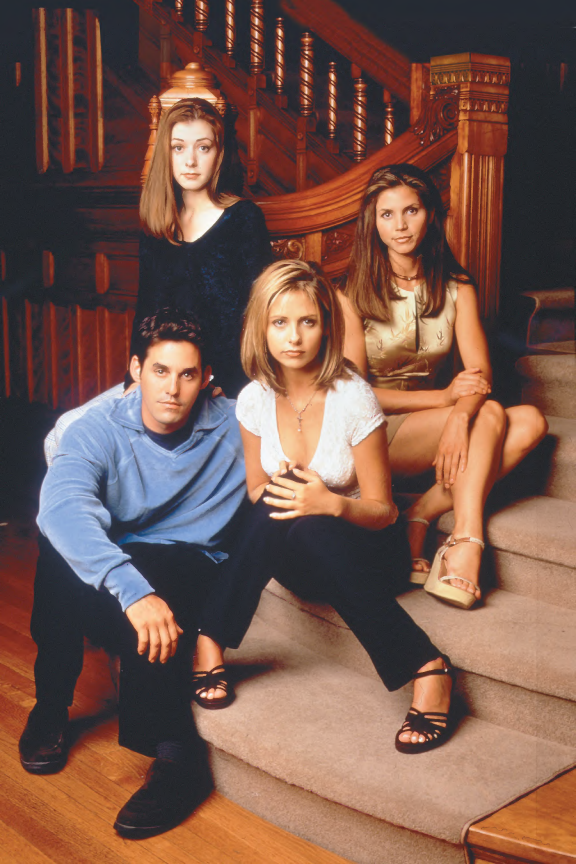


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JOE BENNETT
DANIEL BRERETON
CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
HECTOR GOMEZ
JASON MINOR
DAVID PERRIN
DOUG PETRIE
ERIC POWELL
CLIFF RICHARDS
RYAN SOOK
ANDI WATSON

Based on the television series created by Joss Whedon.

These stories take place during Buffy the Vampire Slayer Season Three.



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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER™: OMNIBUS VOLUME FOUR

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Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Angel #1-3, originally published May through July 1999;

"Stinger," originally published in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer Wizard* 1/5, July 1999;

"Bad Dog," originally published in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer Annual* 99, August 1999;

"Who Made Who," originally published in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Lover's Walk*, March 2001; and

"Mall Rats," originally published in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* #50 October 2002; all from Dark Horse Comics.

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INTRODUCTION

This volume completes the comics complement to Season Three of the *Buffy* TV series. We did more than twice as many comics set during Season Three as any other season of the show—you can refer to my intro in the previous volume for the reasons why. But what makes this volume unique is that the bulk of the book tells a single story. After the first eight issues of the monthly series told seven different stories—a string of single-issue stories and one two-parter—I challenged Andi Watson to create a story in the form of a season of the show. I asked him to craft one long tale that would take us the better part of a year. We planned for interruptions and side tracking, just as every season of the show followed a long story while leaving room for short-story detours. Andi came up with *Bad Blood*, reintroducing the vampire Selke, who Buffy had thought she'd killed in an earlier story ("Cold Turkey" from Omnibus Volume 3). Selke returns in an intricate tale involving vampire fashion models, plastic surgery, and alchemy. At nine issues, *Bad Blood* remained the longest *Buffy* story told in comics until Season Eight. After the first few issues of *Bad Blood*, artist Joe Bennett decided to return to superhero comics. I replaced him with Cliff Richards, who'd done just one fill-in issue of the series. Cliff and I clicked immediately. I love his work. His art dominated the rest of the *Buffy* series, leading to his contribution to Season Eight #10.

While Andi was doing *Bad Blood*, we worked on a lot of other bits and pieces with various writers and artists, including an issue of *Dark Horse Presents* devoted to *Buffy* characters. One of those stories was the first Angel solo story, "Cursed," by *Buffy* novelist Christopher Golden and artist Hector Gomez. The same team did "Stinger" as a special giveaway comic for *Wizard* magazine, and the *Angel: The Hollower* miniseries, set before Angel left Sunnydale. We'll get a great Faith story in Volume 5, by *Buffy* TV scribe Jane Espenson.

When *Bad Blood* was done, Andi Watson was ready to move on, and return his focus to his own stories, like *Geisha* and *Breakfast After Noon*. I managed to get a couple little bits out of him over time, including strips like "Mall Rats" found at the end of the short-story section of this book.

After a sprawling nineteen issues, plus side projects set in Season Three like *The Hollower*, it was time to move further on into *Buffy* continuity. I felt that we needed something special, so I brought in Doug Petrie, one of the greatest writers from the TV show, who'd written one of the best *Buffy* comics with *Ring of Fire*. He wrote our special twentieth issue, with art by Jason Minor, and a cover by J. Scott Campbell. Released concurrent with the end of Season Four, Doug's strange little story gets us out of Season Three, and it gets Angel out of Buffy's life, all over again.

Scott Allie

BAD BLOOD 7

Title page—JEFF MATSUDA with
JON SIBAL & LIQUID!
Script—ANDI WATSON
Pencils—JOE BENNETT & CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—RICK KETCHAM & JOE PIMENTEL
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JANICE CHIANG &
AMADOR CISNEROS

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Colors—WIL GLASS
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Script—CHRISTOPHER GOLDEN
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Inks—SANDU FLOREA
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—KEN BRUZENAK

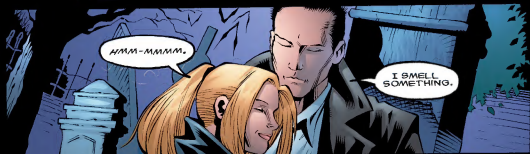
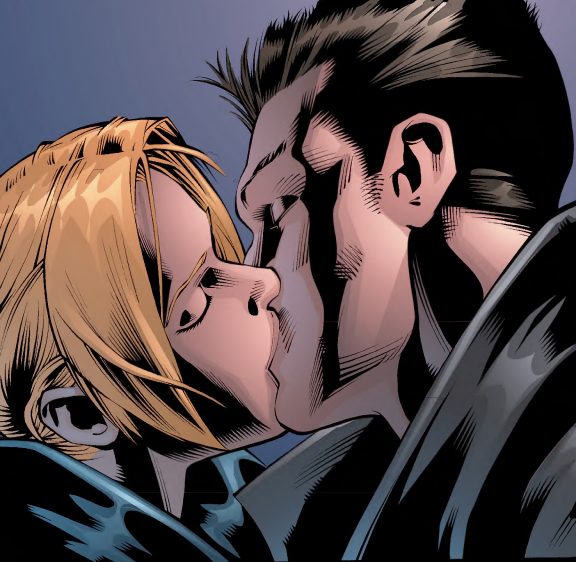
GRADUATION DAY 347

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ALEX GARNER & GUY MAJOR
Script—DOUG PETRIE
Pencils—JASON MINOR
Inks—CURTIS ARNOLD
Colors—GUY MAJOR
Letters—JOHN COSTANZA

BAD BLOOD







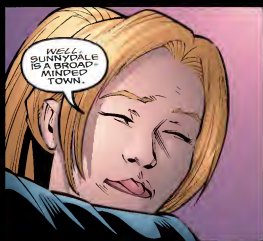






THE THING
THAT GOT AWAY
THAT WAS CHOWING
DOWN ON A COLD
BUFFET?

IT WASN'T
A VAMPIRE.



WELL,
SUNNYDALE
IS A BROAD-
MINDED
TOWN.



WE'LL
MAKE ROOM
FOR ANOTHER
BAD GUY WITH
ANTISOCIAL
EATING
HABITS.



I'M SORRY,
I DIDN'T
MEAN --



DON'T --
YOU'LL GET
WRINKLES.

NO, I'LL
ALWAYS LOOK
THE SAME.



LUCKY
ME.



IT DIDN'T
COME FREE WITH A
HAPPY MEAL.



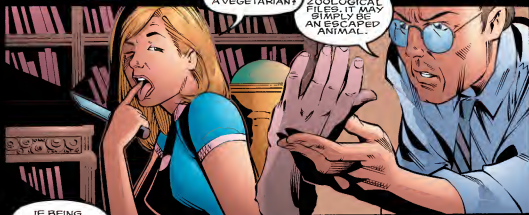
IT'S QUITE
HORRIBLE.

THOSE TEETH
MARKS ARE MOST
DISTINCTIVE.

IT'S A CREATURE
BUILT FOR THE TASK
OF TEARING FLESH AND
MUSCLE, AND SUCKING
MARROW FROM THE BONE.

SAFE TO SAY
IT'S NOT
A VEGETARIAN?

I'LL STUDY
ZOOLOGICAL
FILES. IT MAY
SIMPLY BE
AN ESCAPED
ANIMAL.



IF BEING
THE SLAYER
HAS TAUGHT
ME ANYTHING
IT'S NEVER
AN ESCAPED
ANIMAL.



DRRRINGGG



THAT'S
MY CUE.

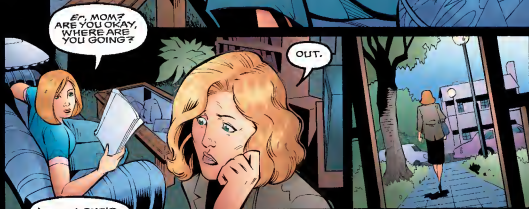
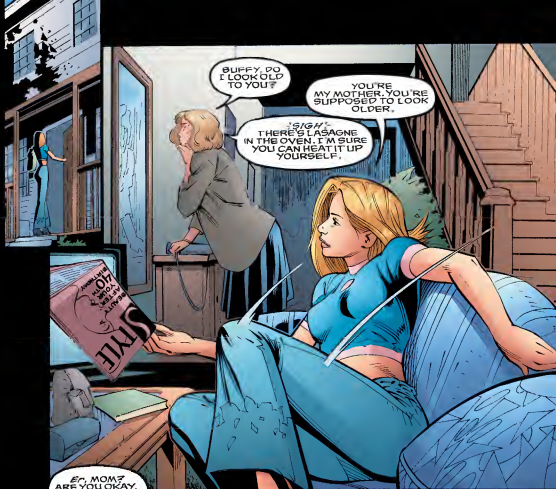
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING?

CLASS,
Y'KNOW,
SCHOOL,
TEACHING,
ALL THAT
GOOD
STUFF.



Hmm, YES, YOU MUST
BE ESPECIALLY
CAREFUL UNTIL WE
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT
IT IS OUT THERE.

WARN THE
OTHERS.



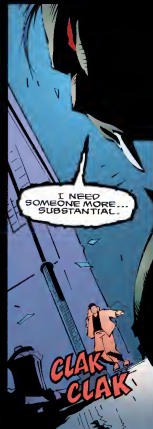


IT'S ONLY
'TIL I'M
STRONGER.

MEOWRR



SCHLURP!
STILL GOT
THE MUNCHIES.



I NEED
SOMEONE MORE...
SUBSTANTIAL.

**CLAK
CLAK**



SPLAT

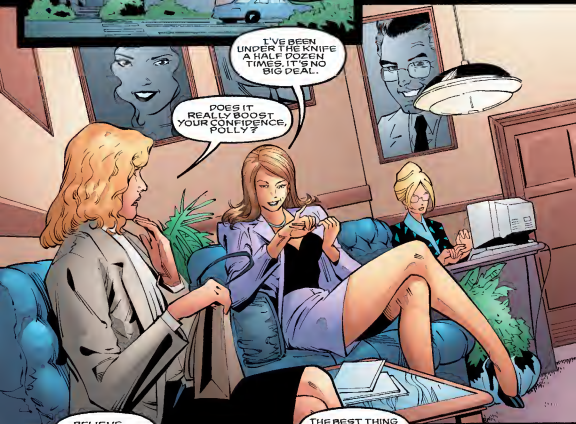


--IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!



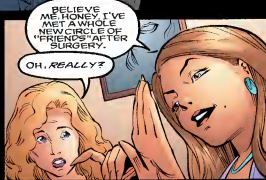


-- I'M
CONSIDERING
IT BUT I'M
STILL NOT
SURE.



I'VE BEEN
UNDER THE KNIFE
A HALF DOZEN
TIMES. IT'S NO
BIG DEAL.

DOES IT
REALLY BOOST
YOUR CONFIDENCE,
POLLY?



BELIEVE
ME, HONEY. I'VE
MET A WHOLE
NEW CIRCLE OF
"FRIENDS" AFTER
SURGERY.

OH, REALLY?



THE BEST THING
IS MY HUSBAND
PAYS FOR IT ALL.
THIS IS NEXT FOR
MY BIRTHDAY.

BUT YOU LOOK
WONDERFUL --



WE HOST A LOT OF PARTIES.
IT'S IMPORTANT FOR HIS WORK.
I HAVE TO LOOK GOOD. IT'S
PART OF MY "JOB."

MS. SUMMERS,
THE DOCTOR
CAN TALK TO
YOU NOW.

YOU KNOW
WHAT? I
NEED TO
THINK
ABOUT
THIS...

THE BEST
OF LUCK WITH
YOUR
OPERATION.

AND YOU,
HONEY.

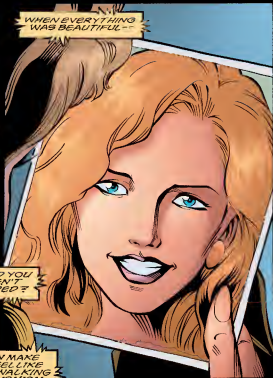








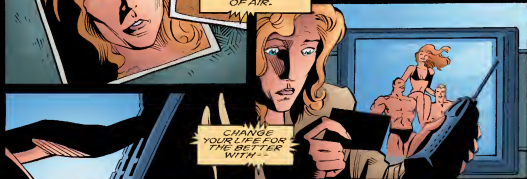
DO YOU LONG
FOR THOSE LOST
SUMMER DAYS?



WHEN EVERYTHING
WAS BEAUTIFUL--



--AND YOU
WEREN'T
SO TIRED?



WE CAN MAKE
YOU FEEL LIKE
YOU'RE WALKING
ON A CUSHION
OF AIR.



CHANGE
YOUR LIFE FOR
THE BETTER
WITH--



YES, HELLO.
I'D LIKE TO MAKE
AN APPOINTMENT
WITH DR. FLITTER.

--MULLET'S
BUNION
CREAM!



THROW UP
A TOWEL! WHAT THEY
DO IN THE PRIVACY OF
THEIR OWN BOUTIQUE IS
NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
BUT THIS IS A PUBLIC
PLACE.

CHILDREN
COULD BE
WATCHING.

WE
COULD
CHARGE
'EM.

SPEAKING
OF DISGUSTING
PERSONAL
HABITS --

CAN WE
JUST
FORGET
ABOUT THE TIGER
BALM AND
MOVE ON?

I WAS TALKING
ABOUT THE HAPPY-
EATER WHO'S
DINING OUT IN
THE GRAVEYARD.

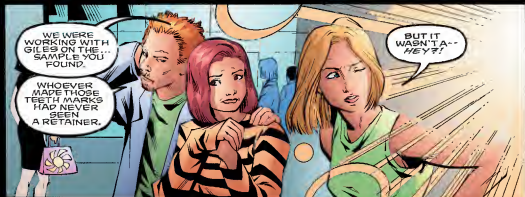


I HAVEN'T FOUND
THE CONNOISSEUR
YET, BUT WHEN I DO,
I HOPE IT HAS
FLOSSED.

TIGER
BALM!?

Well, WHA'D'YA
KNOW. PLUM IS
THIS SEASON'S
COLOR.









IT'S MOM.
I THINK SHE'S
WORRIED ABOUT
HER AGE.

IT'S SOMETHING
THAT CONCERNS
US ALL.



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND. I FOUND
AN AD FOR A PLASTIC
SURGEON CIRCLED
IN THE BACK OF ONE OF
HER MAGAZINES.

GOODNESS!
SHE ISN'T ANY
OLDER THAN
MYSELF!



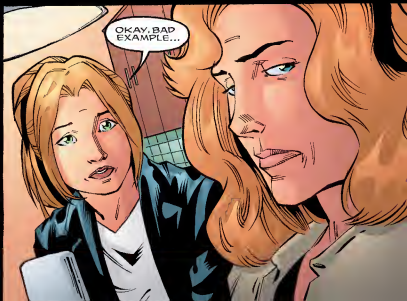
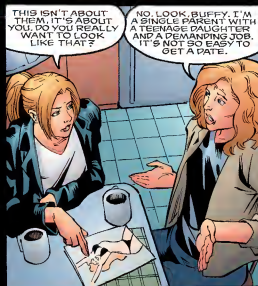
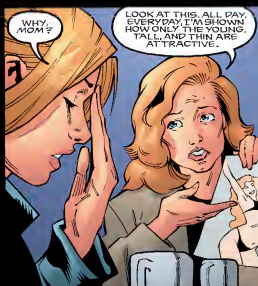
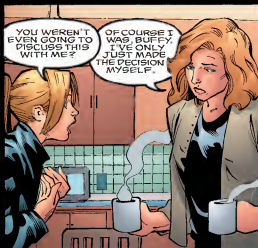
IT'S DIFFERENT
FOR YOU GUYS
DON'T LOOK 'OLD.'
THEY BECOME
"DISTINGUISHED."

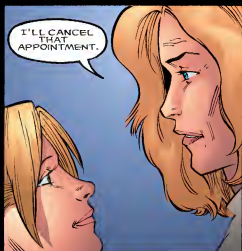
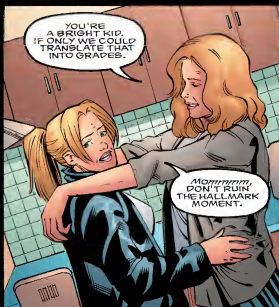
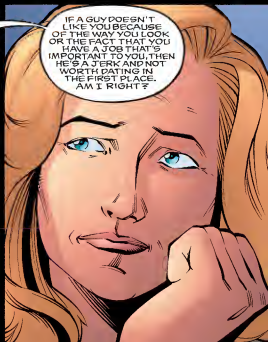
HUMPH,
I SUPPOSE
I SHOULD TAKE
THAT AS
A COMPLIMENT.

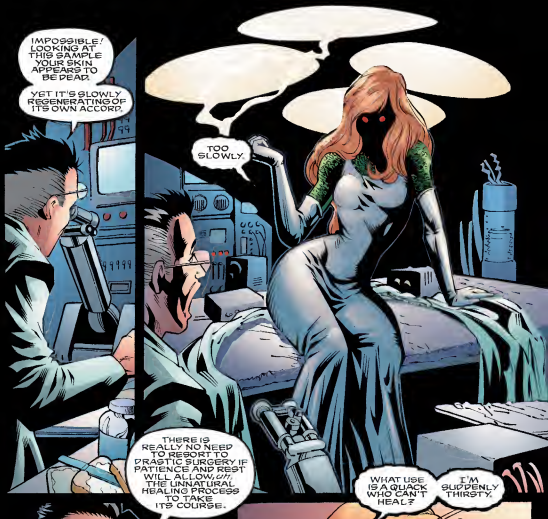


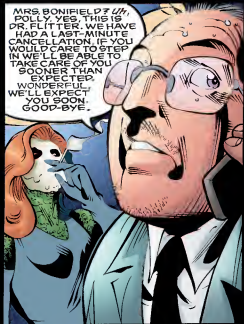
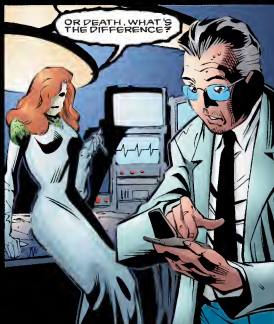
I THINK YOU
SHOULD TALK
TO HER ABOUT
THIS.

AND PRACTICE
THOSE LOWER-
TO-UPPER
BODY
COMBINATIONS.











WHY SO LONG IN THE FACE, BUFFY?

I'M LOOKING FOR ANGEL. I FOUND THIS IN ONE OF GILES' "WAS WHO OF THE UNDEAD."



THERE'S ONE FOR THE SCRAP BOOK, HOW OLD IS THAT?

NOT SURE, BUT IT'S NOT NEW, AND I DON'T THINK IT'S AMERICAN.



SINCE I FOUND IT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STOP THINKING ABOUT ANGEL'S PAST. HOW HE HASN'T CHANGED...



SURE HE HAS, BUFFY. FIRST HE WAS A KILLER, THEN HE BECAME YOUR DEMON BOYFRIEND, THEN HE WAS A KILLER, AND NOW--

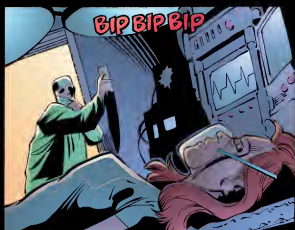


YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO TAKE YOUR TACT PILLS AGAIN, HAVEN'T YOU, CORDELIA?

WHAT?



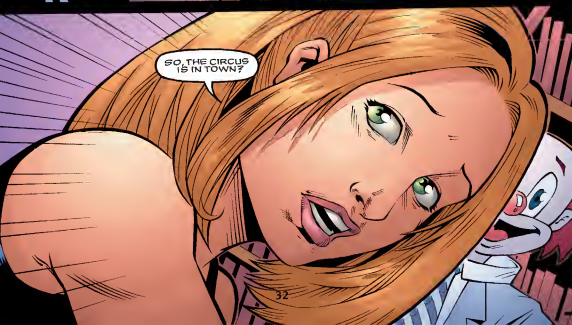
I WAS THINKING ABOUT HOW HE LOOKS, CORDELIA. HE'S ALWAYS GOING TO LOOK LIKE THIS BUT IF I DON'T GET KILLED BY SOME VAMPIRE, I'M GOING TO GET OLD AND GREY AND SHRIVELLY... AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT...



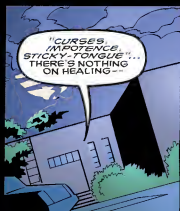




THERE ARE SOME CHARACTERISTICS COMMON TO MOST MEMBERS OF THE GHoul FAMILY-- SHARP TEETH, CLAWS, AND A TENDENCY TO FEED IN PACKS

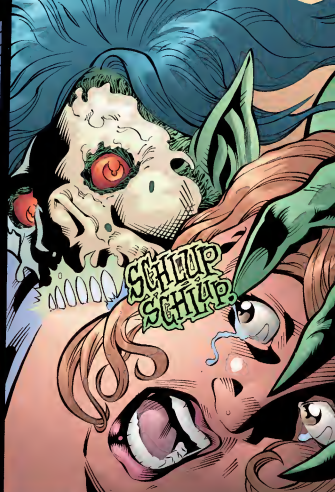








YOU WANT
A FACE-LIFT?
YOU'VE COME TO
THE RIGHT
PLACE.



SCHEUP
SCHEUP.

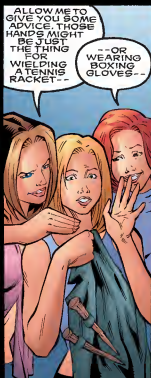
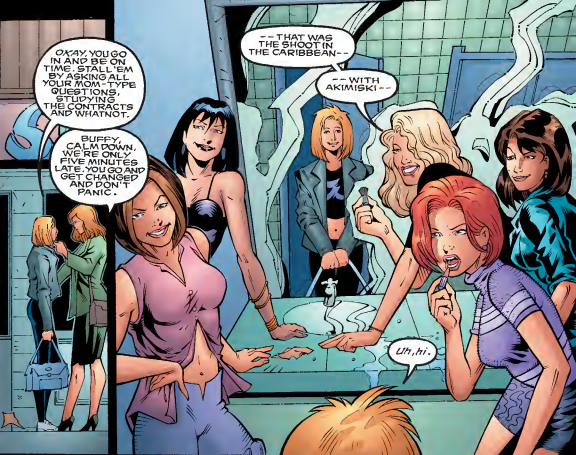
THAT WAS MY LAST
PATIENT, MISTRESS.
I WON'T BE ABLE
TO INVITE ANY MORE
IN FOR TREATMENT—
NOT AFTER YOU ATE
MY RECEPTIONIST.

SMARTEN YOURSELF UP,
DOC. I'M GONNA TAKE YOU
OUT TO MEET
THE RELATIVES.

YOU HAVE
A FAMILY?

I'M NOT QUITE MYSELF
YET. I CAN'T HANDLE
THE SLAYER WITHOUT
A LITTLE HELP FROM
THE OLD GANG.

NOW CHANGE
THAT OLD COAT.
YOU LOOK
A MESS.





I THOUGHT
THE UNDEAD
COULD BE
HARSH.



--AND ACCOMPANYING
HER ON A SHOOT
IS FINE.

WHAT ABOUT
WORKING AROUND
SCHOOL HOURS?

MOM, I'VE
CHANGED
MY MIND.
LET'S GO.



BUFFY,
WE'VE ONLY
JUST GOT
HERE.

IS THERE
A PROBLEM?



I JUST DON'T
THINK THIS IS
FOR ME. IT'S NOT
YOU GUYS, IT'S ME.
I'M NOT RIGHT
FOR THIS KIND
OF THING.



WAIT, YOU
HAVEN'T
MET "THE
CLIQUE"
ALREADY.
HAVE
YOU?



AH, I
THINK SO.
THEY
WEREN'T
VERY
WELCOMING.



THEY DO THAT TO
EVERYONE. THEY'RE
NEW, SUCCESSFUL,
ARROGANT, AND THEY
GENERATE A LOT
OF WORK.

WHY DON'T I GET
US ALL SOME COFFEE
AND WE CAN GO OVER
SOME OF THE
PAPER-
WORK, OKAY?

SURE.



ROULEAU,
YOU'VE EARNED
YOURSELF
A PROMOTION.

THE ODD COUPLE
ARE OUT OF TOWN,
AND I
VOLUNTEERED
TO FILL
THE VOID.

OUT OF
THE GOODNESS
OF YOUR
HEART?

YOU KNOW
I DON'T HAVE
A HEART. WHAT DO
YOU WANT? I HEARD
THE SLAYER DUSTED
YOUR CREW AND
THREW YOU ON
A BARBECUE.



THAT'S
WHY I'M HERE.
I KNOW WHERE
THE SLAYER
LIVES. I'VE
BEEN TO
HER HOUSE.



SO? I'M NOT
INTERESTED IN
DIGGING THROUGH
THE SLAYER'S
TRASH, SELKE.

IF YOU
HELP ME WE
CAN SCRATCH
HER OUT OF
THE PICTURE.



SHE'S NOT
MAKING ME
ITCH.





ALL THOSE
UNDER ME ENJOY
MY PROTECTION.
BUT IF SHE NAILS
FREELANCERS
WHA DO I CARE?

"WHA DO
I CARE?"

SHE'S THE BAD
GUY. REMEMBER?
IT DOESN'T MATTER
WHO YOU'RE WITH.
IF YOU'VE GOT
POINTY TEETH IT'S
OPEN SEASON.



JOIN WITH
ME AND I'LL
SEE WHAT I CAN
DO. YOU CAN
BE MY DRU --



LOOK AT YOU.
YOU'RE BETTER
OFF DEAD.

GET OUTTA
HERE AN' TAKE
YOUR ACCOUNTANT
WITH YOU.

HSSSS



IT'S OVER FOR YOU,
ROULEAU. YOU'RE
FINISHED.

HAH HAH
HAR!

"HAR HAR"
JUST DON'T SET
YOUR BOYFRIEND ON
ME. "HAR HAR"



WE SHALL
SPLIT UP INTO
TWO GROUPS TO
SEARCH FOR
THE GHOULS.

OKAY, WE'LL
MEET BACK
HERE IN
AN HOUR.

DOESN'T
ANGEL HAVE
ANY INSIDE
INFORMATION
ON THESE
CREEPY
TYPES?



HE'S BEING
ELUSIVE, ONLY
IT'S KINDA
MY FAULT.

I DUNNO,
BROODING'S
PRETTY HIGH
ON HIS TO-DO
LIST.



JUST YOUR EVERYDAY
SLAYER/IMMORTAL
MISUNDERSTANDING, MAYBE
IT'S ME, BUT DOESN'T ANGEL
LOOK AWFULLY GOOD
FOR HIS AGE.

SLEEPING
PAYS HELPS.

WHAT
HAPPENS
AS I GET
OLDER...?



WHA-LE

YEEK!

GROSS, THEY
EAT OUT OF
THE CASKET.



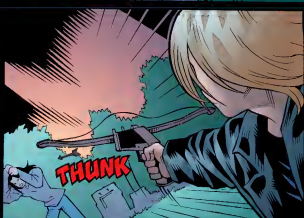


SNARRRL

LEAVING SO SOON?



YOU DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH YOUR BREAKFAST.



THUNK



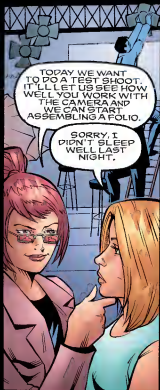
ARRGHHH! THAT THING NEEDS A PEDICURE. DID YOU THINK YOU HIT IT?

I HOPE SO.

IT'S OKAY, GILES. THERE'LL BE OTHER FLESH-EATING MONSTERS.

DID I MISS THE GHOUL?





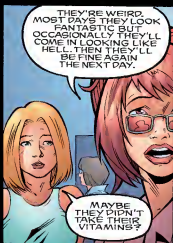
TODAY WE WANT TO DO A TEST SHOOT. IT'LL LET US SEE HOW WELL YOU WORK WITH THE CAMERA AND WE CAN START ASSEMBLING A FOLIO.

SORRY, I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT.



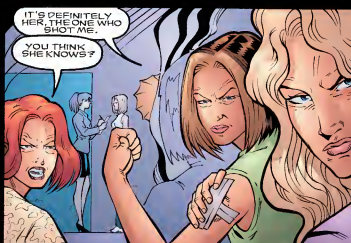
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE.

WHAT *IS* THEIR DAMAGE ANYWAY?



THEY'RE WEIRD. MOST DAYS THEY LOOK FANTASTIC BUT OCCASIONALLY THEY'LL COME IN LOOKING LIKE HELL. THEN THEY'LL BE FINE AGAIN THE NEXT DAY.

MAYBE THEY DIDN'T TAKE THEIR VITAMINS?



IT'S DEFINITELY HER, THE ONE WHO SHOT ME.

YOU THINK SHE KNOWS?

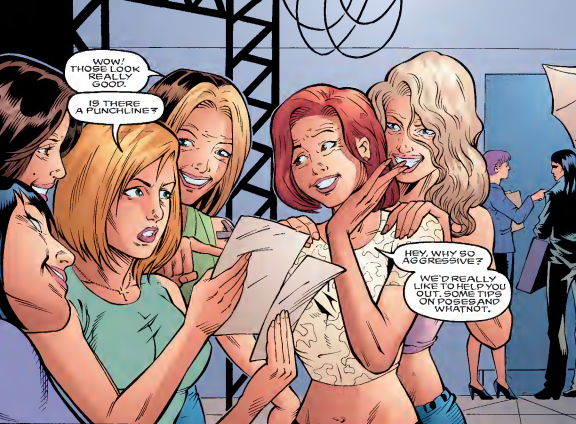


WE'LL TAKE THEM OUT FOR LUNCH AND FIND OUT.

I'M SO HUNGRY, I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER NIGHT WITHOUT EATING. MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE ON.



NO, I LIKE THIS TOWN. WE'LL FIX IT TONIGHT.

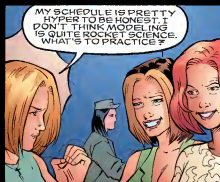


WOW!
THOSE LOOK
REALLY
GOOD.

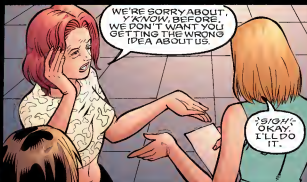
IS THERE
A PUNCHLINE?

HEY, WHY SO
AGGRESSIVE?

WE'D REALLY
LIKE TO HELP YOU
OUT. SOME TIPS
ON POSES AND
WHATNOT.



MY SCHEDULE IS PRETTY
HYPER TO BE HONEST. I
DON'T THINK MODELING
IS QUITE ROCKET SCIENCE.
WHAT'S TO PRACTICE?



WE'RE SORRY ABOUT,
Y'KNOV, BEFORE.
WE DON'T WANT YOU
GETTING THE WRONG
IDEA ABOUT US.

S/OH!
OKAY.
I'LL DO
IT.



THIS'LL BE SO GREAT.
WE CAN HANG OUT
TONIGHT AND
HAVE FUN.

SURE, IT'LL
BE FUN.



WE'LL MEET BACK
HERE AT EIGHT.

SHE'S
CLUELESS.



PATROLLING ALONE, WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?



I'M GOING TO THE STUDIO TO DO SOME MODELING FIRST.

THE MODELING, YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED--



I KNOW, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AVAILABLE TO TALK MUCH RECENTLY.



CAN I MEET YOU LATER?

SURE, HERE'S THE ADDRESS, I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE.



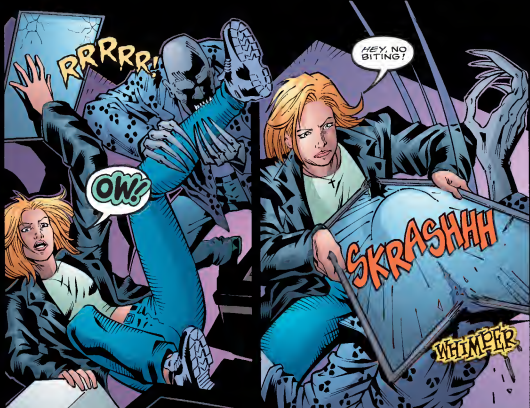
HEY, ANYONE HOME?



HI, I THOUGHT YOU GUYS HAD LEFT WITHOUT ME--

NO, WE DECIDED TO EAT FIRST--











YOU'RE HURT?

I'LL HEAL.



SHOULD?

Uhh-huh. ATE THE DEAD TO KEEP THEIR YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

ANGEL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN AS I GET OLD, THE WRINKLES, THE --

BUFFY, I'M OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD. I'VE SEEN PEOPLE AGE AND BEAUTY FADE.

THAT'S ONLY ON THE SURFACE. MY LOVE FOR YOU IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP.





ROULEAU,
THAT SPINELESS,
PARASITIC...



-- CREEP!

KRACK



HE'S **SOOOO**
GONNA REGRET
THAT!

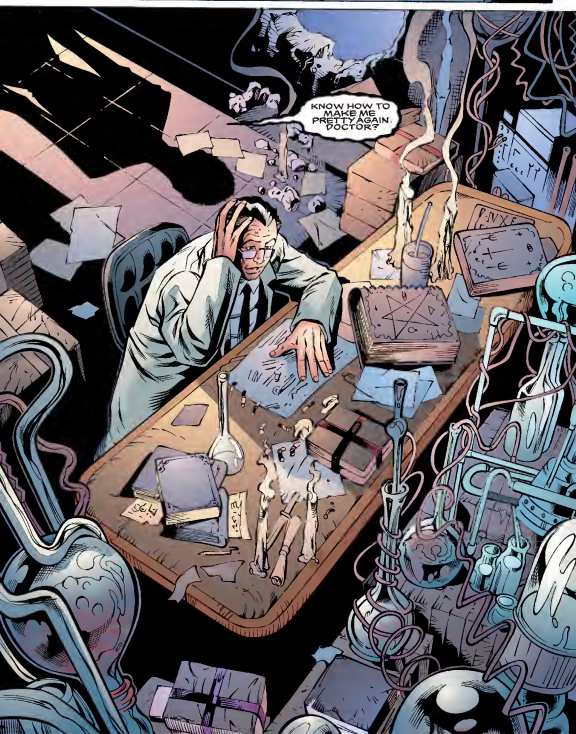


YOU'RE GONNA
HELP ME! BRING
ME SOMETHING,
ANYTHING TO
RETURN MY OLD
STRENGTH.

B- BUT
THE SALVE--



GARBAGE.
SOMETHING
THAT WORKS...
OR I'LL DRAIN
YOU ONE DROP
AT A TIME.
SLOW AND
PAINFUL.





BECAUSE
YOUR "HEALING
SALVE" IS
GARBAGE.

I RAN INTO
MY STREET ARTIST
BUDDY HERE AND
HE OFFERED TO BE
MY REFLECTION...
BEFORE GOING OUT
FOR A DRINK.

DUMB PEOPLE
DON'T LIVE TO BE
MY AGE, DOC.



M-MAYBE
THE SALVE
ISN'T WORKING
AS SWIFTLY AS
WE'D LIKE.

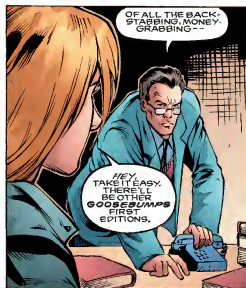
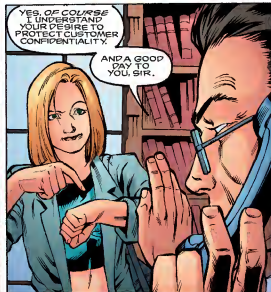
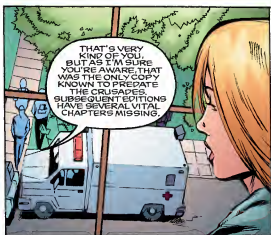


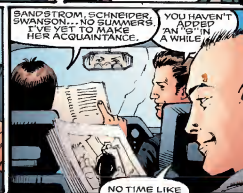
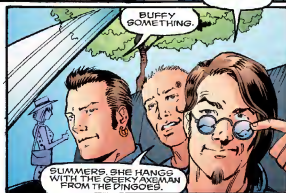
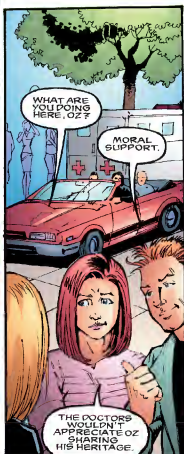
WHICH IS WHY
I-I'VE FOUND
A FAST TRACK
SOLUTION.
AN ALCHEMICAL
RECIPE TO
MANIPULATE
THE BASIC
COMPOUNDS
OF BLOOD.

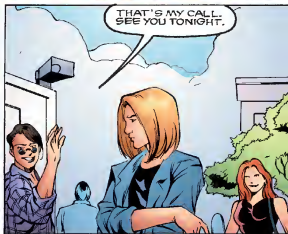
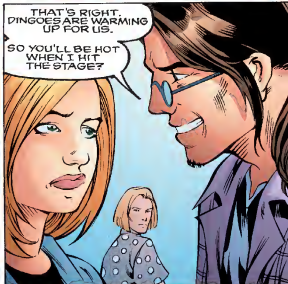
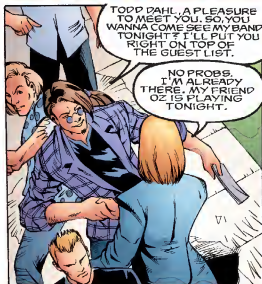


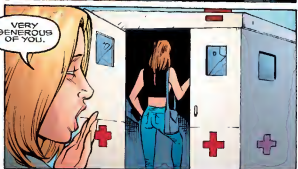
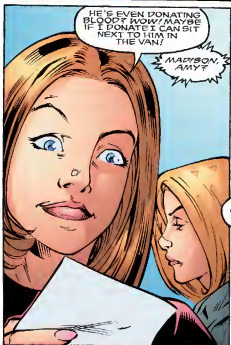
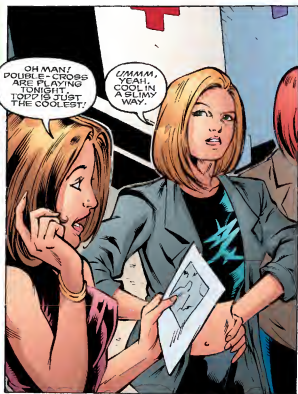
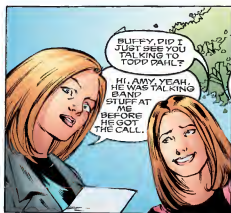
ALL I NEED IS ENOUGH TIME
TO ACCURATELY COPY OUT
THE TRANSLATION. THE PROCESS
IS INCREDIBLY SPECIFIC-- TO
MISAPPLY ANY PART OF
THE RITUAL COULD
BE DISASTROUS.

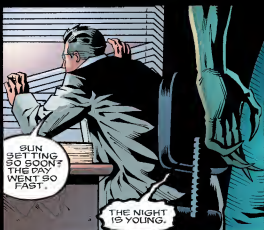
BETTER
GET IT
FIRST
TIME.

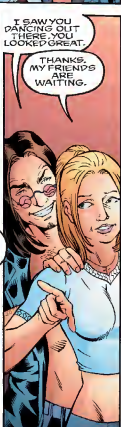


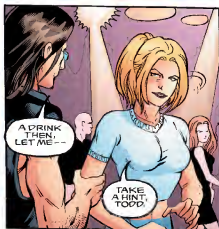
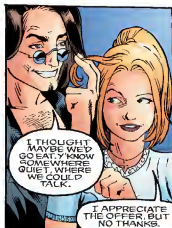


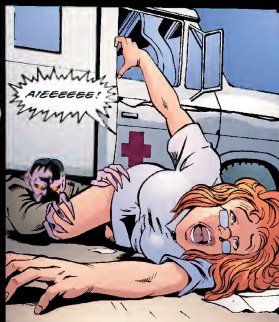




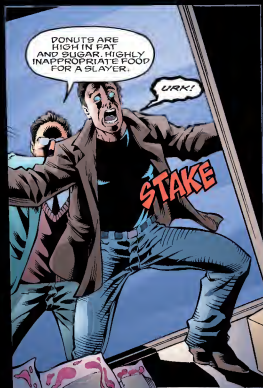


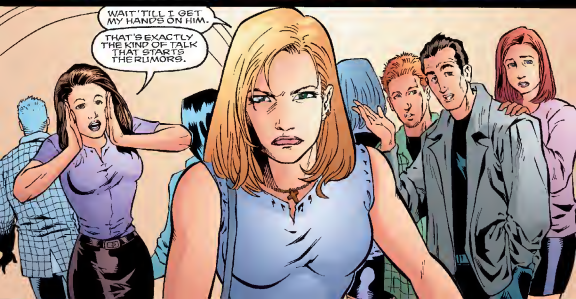
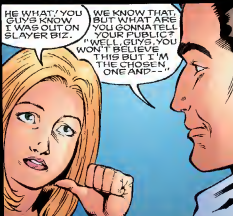
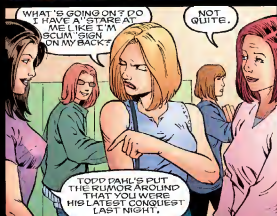
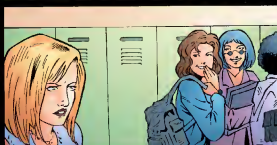


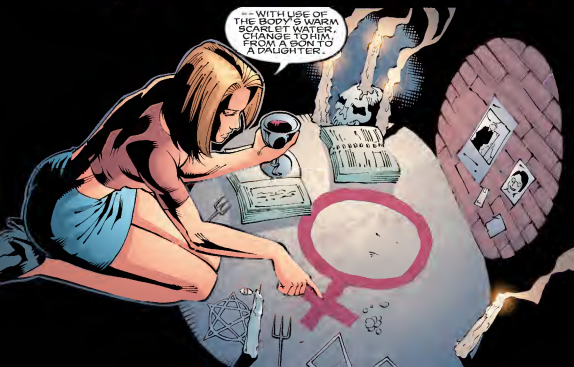














HE IS SECURELY RESTRAINED, ISN'T HE? HE'S NOT WORKING LOOSE.

NO, HE'S ONLY A BABY NEWLY BORN, WEAK AND SCREAMING ALL HOURS.

GRARRR!

WHEN IS THIS COOKING LESSON GONNA END? I'M TIRED, IT'S WAY PAST MY BEDTIME AND I DIDN'T EAT FOR CHASING UP THESE WEIRD INGREDIENTS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT PHARMACIST IN THE DRUG STORE?

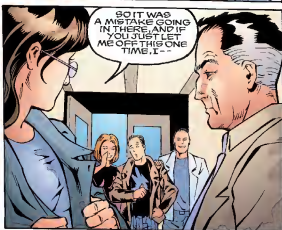
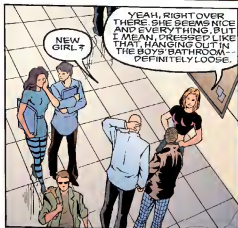
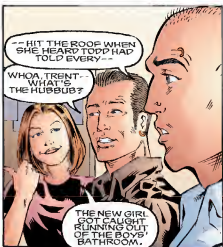
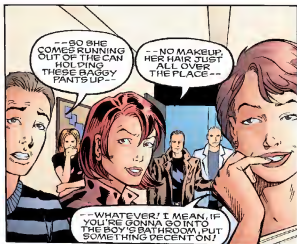
ANYWAY, IT CREEPS ME OUT BEING ABOVE GROUND DURING DAYLIGHT.

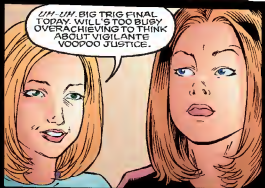
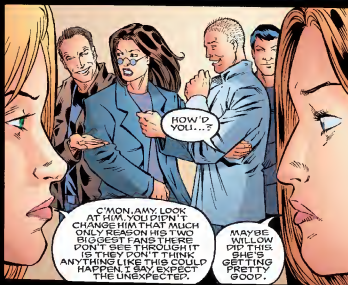
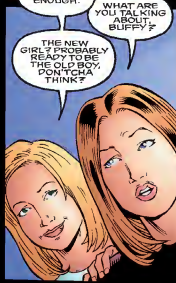
THE DAY AND THE HOUR ARE IMPORTANT TO THE RITUAL, WHICH I MAY EXPLAIN WHY NO OTHERS OF YOUR KIND HAVE TRIED THIS BEFORE.

IT'S TIME, MY FAVORITE PART.











U/M, I'LL
BE RIGHT
HERE.



WHAT WAS
HER NAME
AGAIN?

NAME?



YOU FOUND
THE RIGHT ROOM
THIS TIME!

**HAHA
HAH!**



LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, AMY.
A PRANK'S A PRANK. REVENGE
WOULD BRING YOU DOWN TO
HIS LEVEL... YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER, HONEST.

ONLY IF
SOMEONE GOT
PICTURES.



--TOLD HIM, IF
YOU GAVE HER
YOUR CLASS RING,
YOU BETTER BE
GETTING ME
YOUR GRANDMA'S
ENGAGEMENT--

YES!



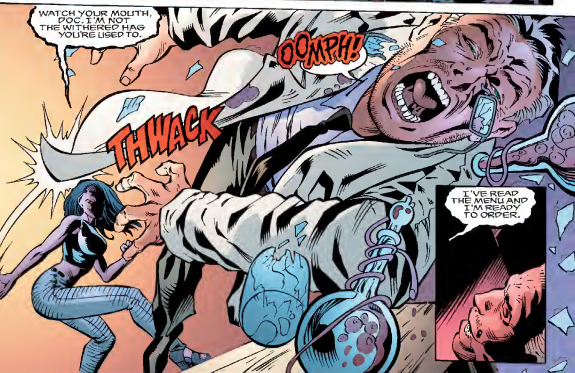
NOW HOW
DO I GET OUT
OF HERE...



WE LEAVE
THE CONCENTRATED
FORM TO SIT FOR
FORTY- EIGHT HOURS.
THEN WE CAN BEGIN
THE LONG PROCESS
OF REFINING
PURE BLOOD--



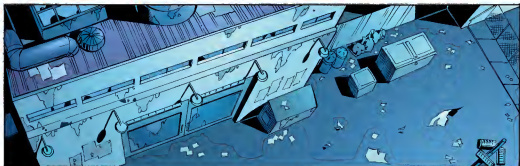
WATCH YOUR MOUTH,
DOC. I'M NOT
THE WITHERED HAG
YOU'RE USED TO.





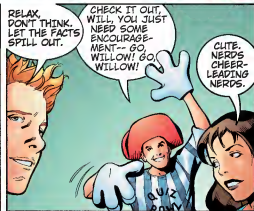
I'LL HAVE
THE COVEN FOR
STARTERS AND
ROULEAU FOR
THE MAIN
COURSE.

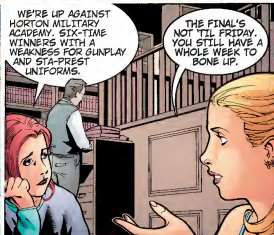
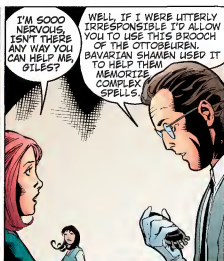
THEN I'LL
TAKE MY TIME
OVER BUFFY
DESSERT IS
MY FAVORITE
PART OF ANY
MEAL.

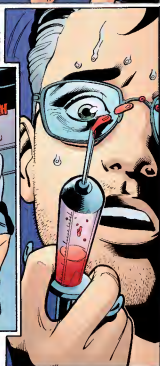














SO,
HOW DO
I LOOK?

FANTASTIC,
REALLY.

THANK YOU,
THANK YOU FOR
MAKING ME LOOK
EVEN MORE
BEAUTIFUL.

OH,
SNIFFLE.
YOU'RE
WELCOME.

NOW
WHAT?

MY PEOPLE
WILL LOOK FOR
NEW BLOOD. YOU'D
BETTER GET
TO WORK.

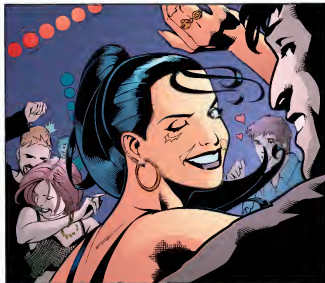
I'M GONNA
FIND A
PARTY.





WHO'RE WE TALKING ABOUT?

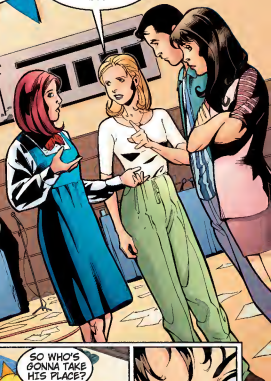
BEING POPULAR ISN'T JUST ABOUT GLACE LIP GLOSS, Y'KNOW, IT'S HARD WORK!





IT'S BEEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. LYLE'S OFFICIALLY A MISSING PERSON.

IS THERE A NEXT GENERATION MARATHON ON CABLE?



SO HE WOOD THAT BABE WITH HIS COMICS COLLECTION, AND THEY'RE GETTING HITCHED IN VEGAS AS WE SPEAK.

YOU'RE GOING TO REPRESENT OUR SCHOOL LOOKING LIKE THAT?

I'LL TALK TO GILES, IN CASE IT'S SPOOKY STUFF. MORE LIKELY HE FREAKED OUT FROM THE PRESSURE.

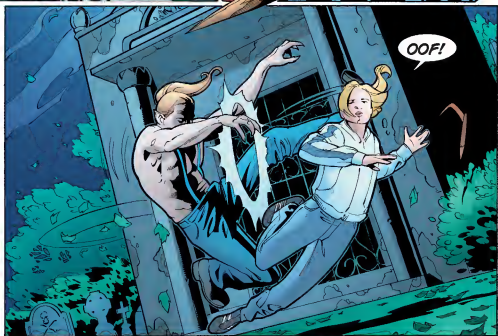
I CAN RELATE.

SO WHO'S GONNA TAKE HIS PLACE?

IT'S THROWN OPEN TO THE SCHOOL. WHOEVER MARKS HIGHEST ON THE TEST.

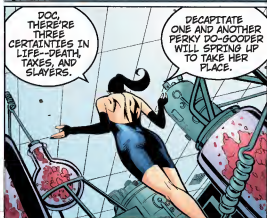
WHAT THE SCHOOL REALLY NEEDS IS SOMEONE WHO'S GLAMOROUS, SOPHISTICATED, AND SMART.



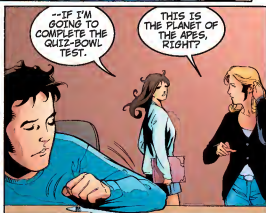


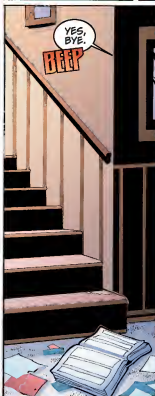




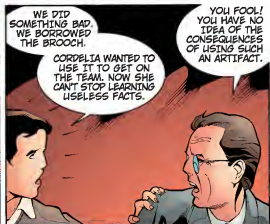


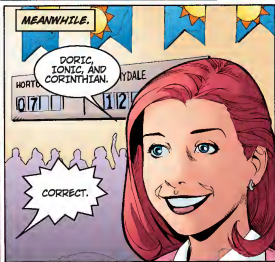
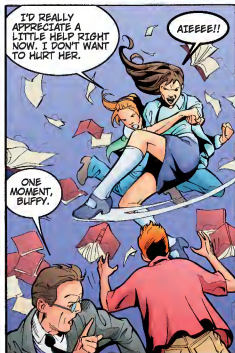


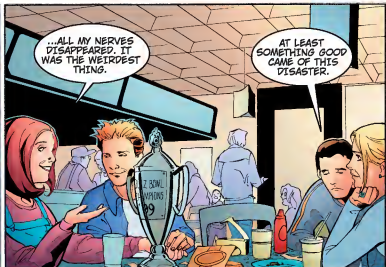










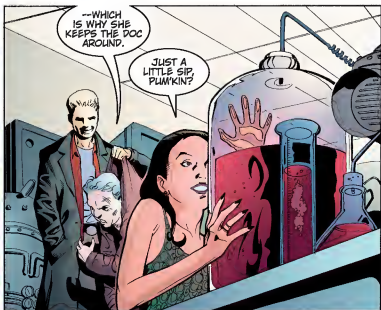






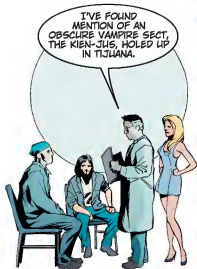












I'VE FOUND MENTION OF AN OBSCURE VAMPIRE SECT, THE KIEN-JHS, HOLED UP IN TIJUANA.



"THEY'RE SELF-RIGHTEOUS AND PARANOID ZEALOTS WHO VENERATE A SINGLE BONE FROM THE DEAD BODY OF A PREVIOUS SLAYER. THEY BELIEVE IT WILL PROTECT THEM FROM ALL SLAYERS."

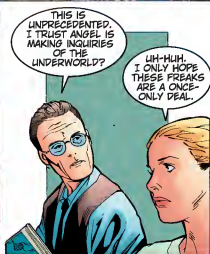
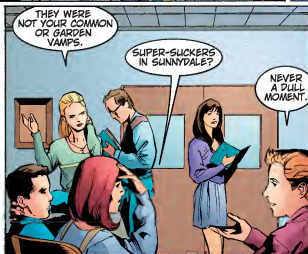


ARE WE TALKING SOME KIND OF SLAYER KRYPTONITE HERE?

GET ME THAT BONE AND I'LL HAVE THE SLAYER EATING OUT OF MY HAND. COMPRENDE?



PACK YOUR SUNSCREEN, BOYS. WE'RE HEADING SOUTH.





GENTLY,
MY LOVE.

ESSENCE OF
GARLIC AND
POWDERED CRUCIFIX
SHOULD ADD
A LITTLE--



--EDGE
TO THE
RECIPE.



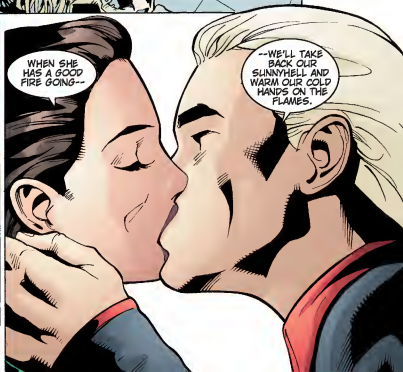
SO KIND OF
ELLIOT TO
PREPARE IT
FOR US.

WITH HIS
BARE HANDS. THE
COMBUSTION WAS
A REGRETTABLE
SIDE-EFFECT.



SELKE CAN WARM
THINGS UP FOR US,
MY SWEET.

SIT BACK
AND WATCH,
PET.

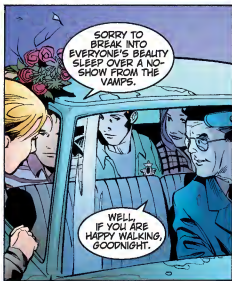


WHEN SHE
HAS A GOOD
FIRE GOING--

--WE'LL TAKE
BACK OUR
SUNNYHELL AND
WARM OUR COLD
HANDS ON THE
FLAMES.



S'OKAY, I'LL WALK FROM HERE. I WANT TO STRETCH MY LEGS.



SORRY TO BREAK INTO EVERYONE'S BEAUTY SLEEP OVER A NO-SHOW FROM THE VAMPS.

WELL, IF YOU ARE HAPPY WALKING, GOODNIGHT.



INCONSIDERATE CREATURES. I SHARPENED A DOZEN SPECIALLY.

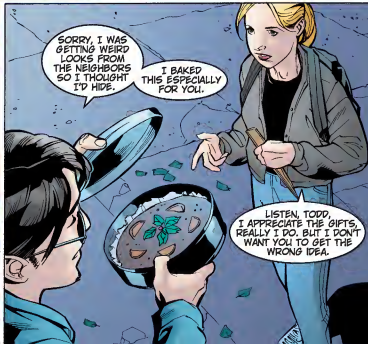


STEP OUT, WHATEVER YOU ARE.



UH, HI, BUFFY. I JUST DROPPED BY YOUR HOUSE TO THANK YOU.

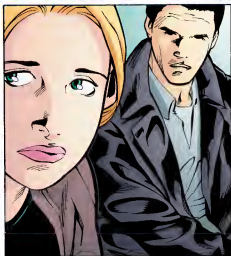
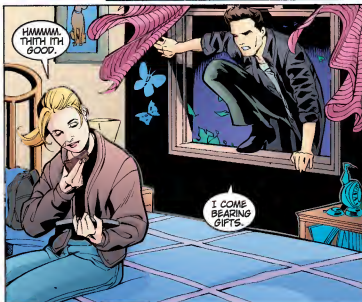
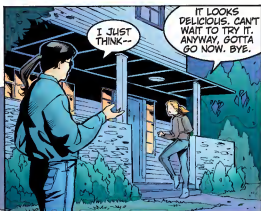
TODD! I NEARLY GAVE YOU A PICKET-FENCE PIERCING.



SORRY, I WAS GETTING WEIRD LOOKS FROM THE NEIGHBORS SO I THOUGHT I'D HIDE.

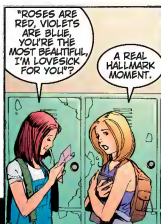
I BAKED THIS ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.

LISTEN, TODD, I APPRECIATE THE GIFTS, REALLY I DO. BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET THE WRONG IDEA.













WITNESS
THE AWESOME
POWER OF---



---THE DARK
SLAYER!



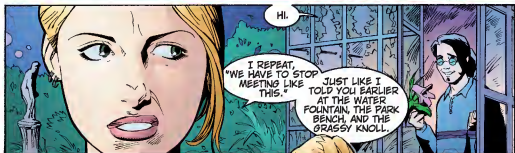
SCHLUP



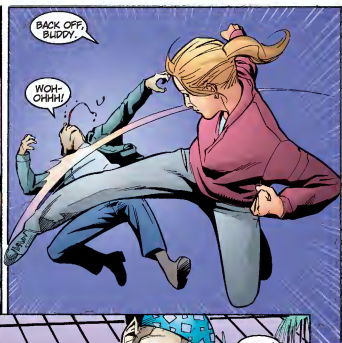
WHAT'S IT GONNA
DO? SLIME HER
TO DEATH?



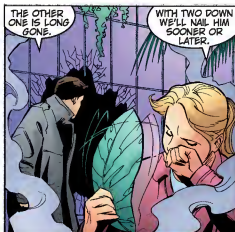
LET'S TAKE
CARE OF THIS
OURSELVES.

















I'M ALL READY TO DRIVE. I JUST NEED A SLAYER-MOBILE TO GET ME TO CEMETERIES IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME.

WADDLING TO THE SCENE IN GILES' 2CV CRAMPING YOUR STYLE?

THE VAMPS DO POINT AND LAUGH. IT GIVES THEM A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.



EVERYONE GOT RIDES FOR THE TSUNAMI GIG TONIGHT? IF NOT, WE'LL BE SETTING OFF FROM WILL'S AT EIGHT.

BOYFRIENDS WITH TRANSPORT ARE THE BEST.



WHICH MEANS I'M GOING WITH YOU GUYS.

I'M NOT ARRIVING IN A VAN. I'LL TAKE MY OWN CAR. IT'S THE ARENA WAY OUT IN THE VALLEY, RIGHT?



YEAH. MOM'S GETTING ME THERE, SLAYAGE PERMITTING.





I'VE BEEN MAKING ENQUIRIES ABOUT THE TOUGH VAMPIRE THAT GOT AWAY.

GILES, IS THERE A NAME FOR THE FEAR OF KNOCKING?

WHAT HAS YOUR SURVEILLANCE UNCOVERED?



HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE. MORE ARE CROPPING UP. THERE'S SOMETHING IN THEIR BLOOD THAT MAKES THEM SO STRONG. AND THEY SEEM TO BE GETTING THE BLOOD FROM A SINGLE UNKNOWN SOURCE.



THE REAL CONCERN IS REGULAR VAMPIRES ARE ATTACKING THE NEW BLOODS TO GET A TASTE.

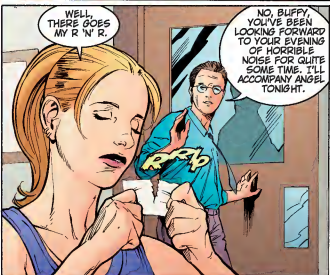
QUITE EXTRAORDINARY.

SO THERE'S MORE OF THESE TOUGH VAMPS STALKING THE STREETS?



WE MUST FIND THE ORIGIN OF THIS BLOOD, ANGEL--

I'M ALREADY ON MY WAY.



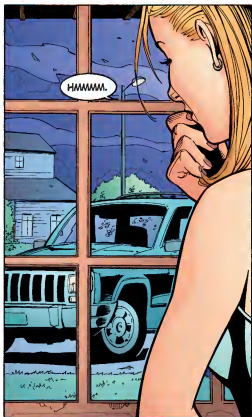
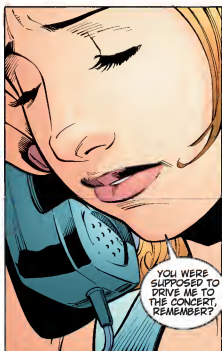
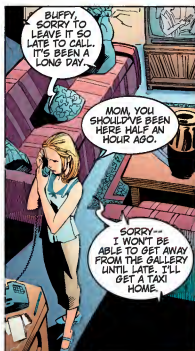
WELL, THERE GOES MY R 'N' R.

NO, BUFFY, YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR EVENING OF HORRIBLE NOISE FOR QUITE SOME TIME. I'LL ACCOMPANY ANGEL TONIGHT.







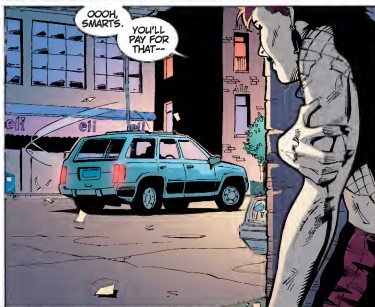
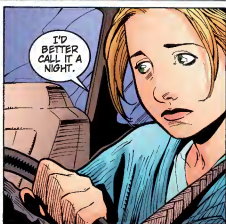
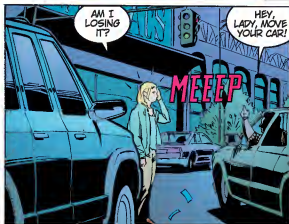
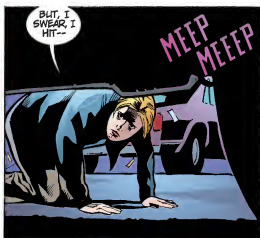
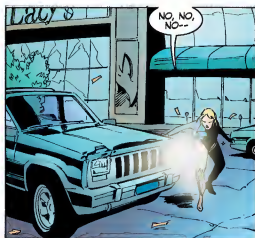


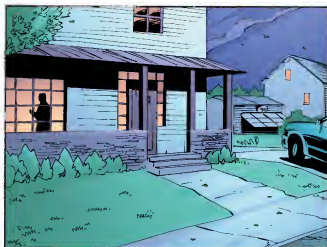






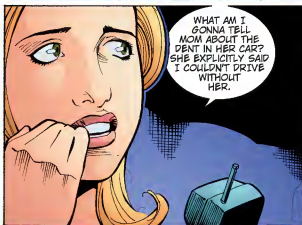






SHOULD I CALL 911? THEY'LL THINK I'M CRAZY...

...AND ASK LOTS OF QUESTIONS. LIKE WHOSE VEHICLE IT IS.



WHAT AM I GONNA TELL MOM ABOUT THE DENT IN HER CAR? SHE EXPLICITLY SAID I COULDN'T DRIVE WITHOUT HER.



WHY AM I WORRYING ABOUT THAT WHEN I COULD HAVE ... NO. DON'T EVEN THINK IT.

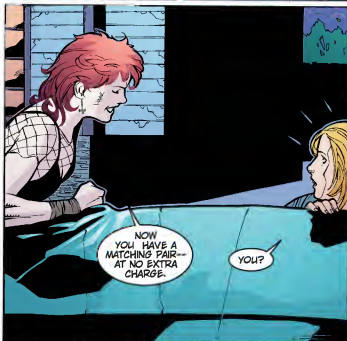


BE BRAVE. JUST TELL THE TRUTH.

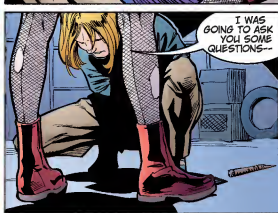
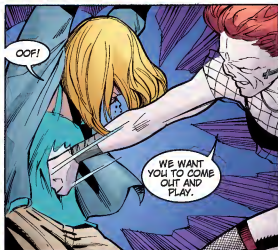


OR... MAYBE I CAN STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT LITTLE DENT MYSELF...?

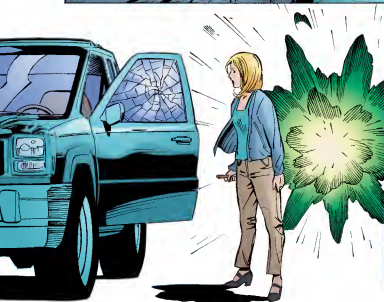
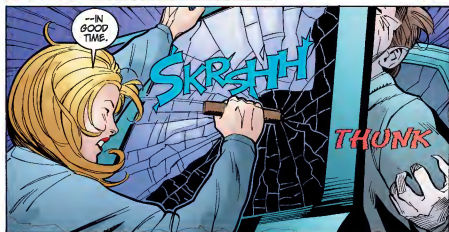
FIRST RULE OF A STAKE OUT. CALL FOR BACK UP.













THE LAST
PIECE OF
SLAYER BONE,
AND MY LAST
CHANCE.



LET'S GET
THIS OVER
WITH.



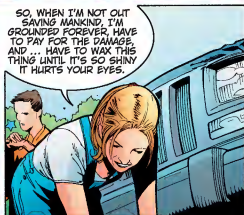
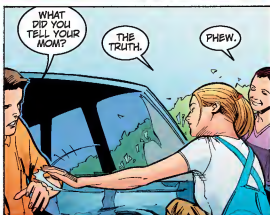
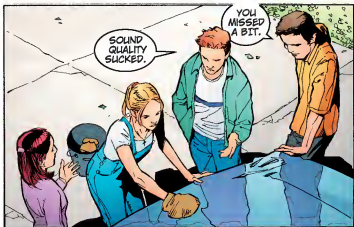
Wooooooooo



IMPRESSIVE
FLOORSHOW,
BUT NO
CONTENT.

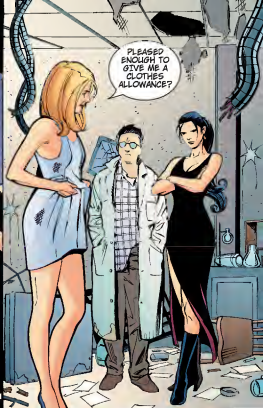
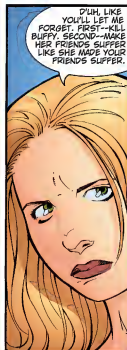
HUFF.
HUFF.



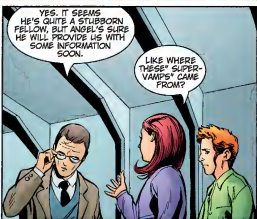
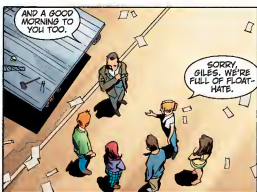




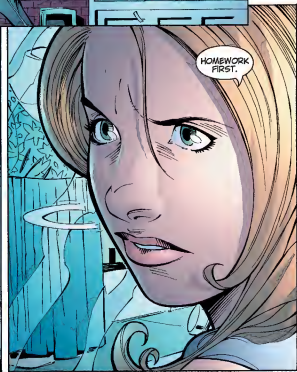
YOU
GOT ALL
THAT?

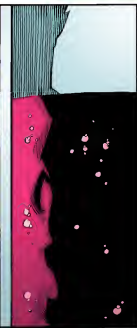
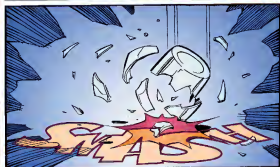
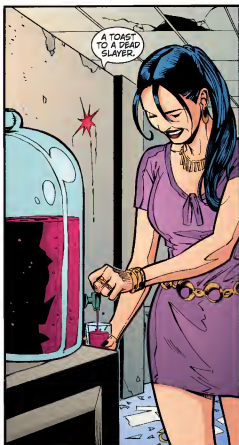


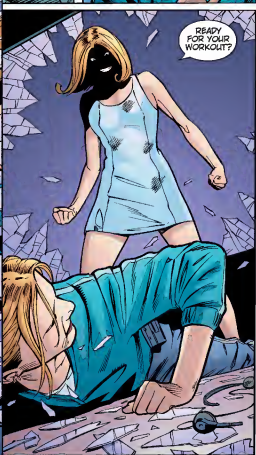


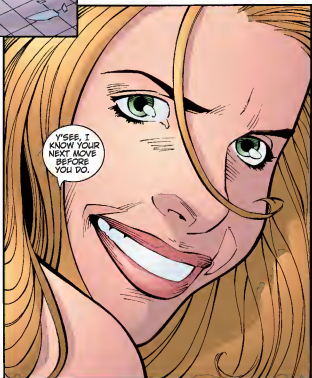
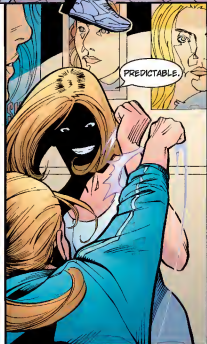
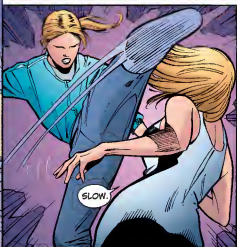


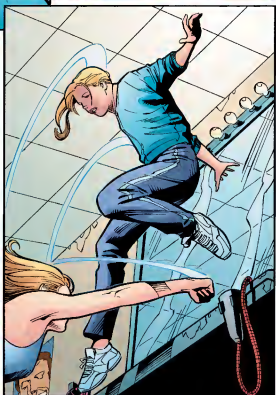
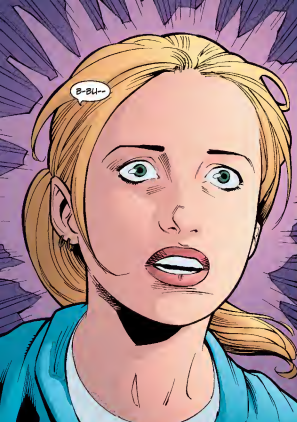


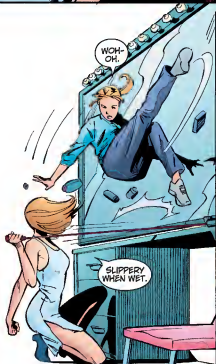
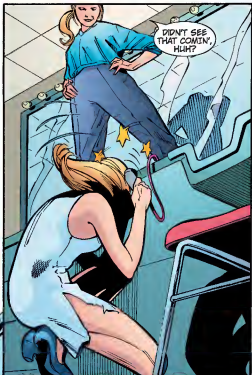


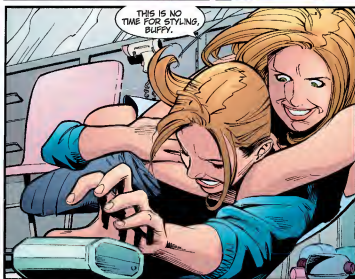
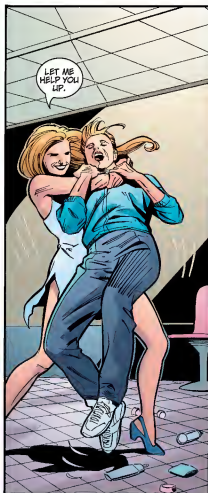


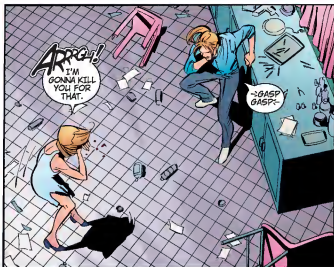


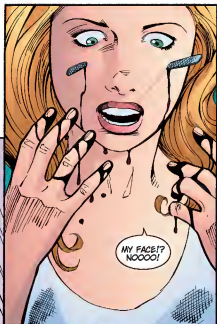


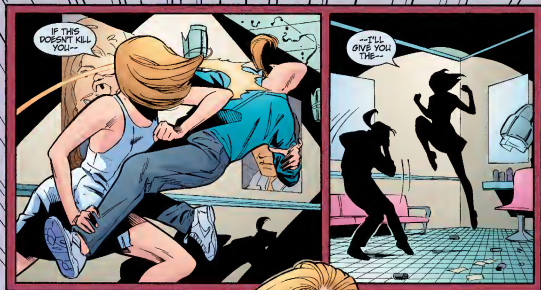


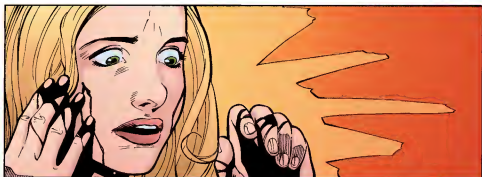
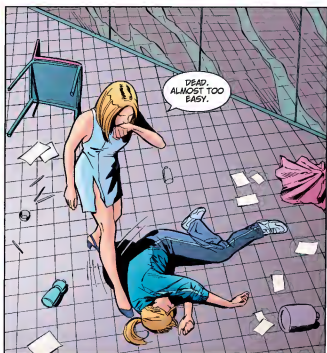




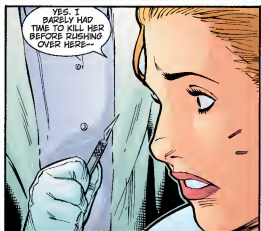
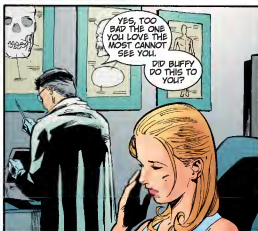
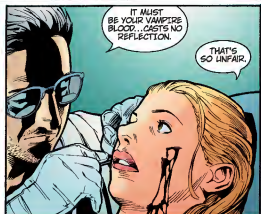
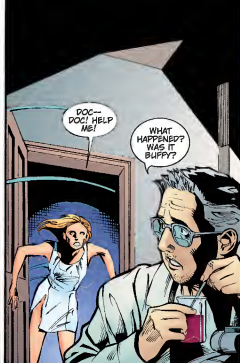


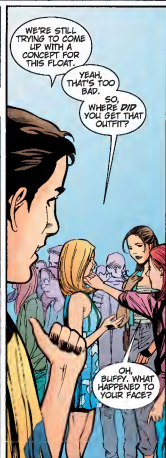
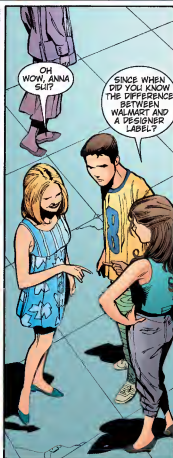
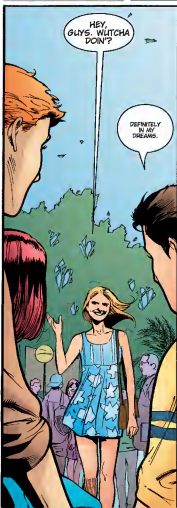


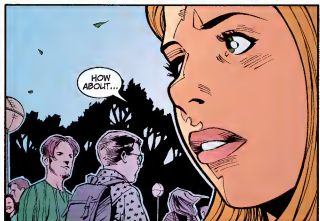
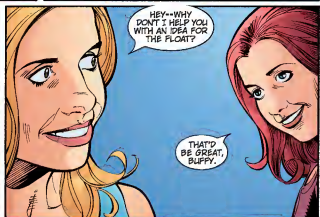
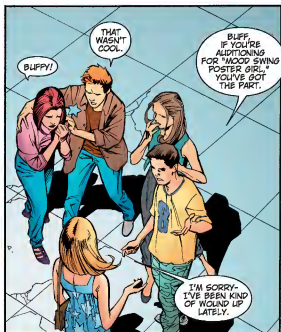


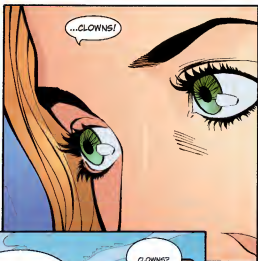












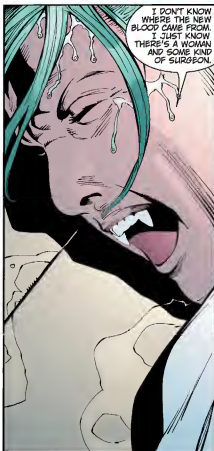


GIMME
BLOOD, I'M
BEGGING
YOU.

TELL ME
AND I MIGHT
LET YOU
GO.



IT'S REGULAR
STRENGTH, BUT
IT'S YOURS.



I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THE NEW
BLOOD CAME FROM.
I JUST KNOW
THERE'S A WOMAN
AND SOME KIND
OF SURGEON.



THEY CONTROL
THE BLOOD AND
RULE THE NEW
VAMPIRES.

A SURGEON?
THAT'S NOTHING TO
GO ON...



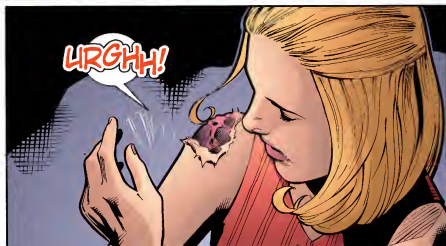
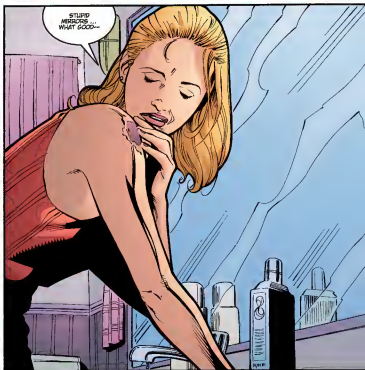
IT'S ALL
I GOT--HEY,
WHERE YOU
GOIN'??

HEWW!











OF COURSE, HER
SUDDEN INTEREST IN
FASHION WAS NEW TO
ME. BUT THEN I
THOUGHT, WHAT'S
THE SURPRISE? SHE
SPENDS MOST OF
HER TIME RAMMING
STAKES THROUGH
THE UNDEAD.



"SEE? FASHION
CORDY DEBANDING BUFFY.
WE HAVE ENTERED A
NEW DIMENSION . . ."

YES, HAVE HER
COME SEE ME. I
DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS
IS GOING. THE SITUATION
IS TOO SERIOUS FOR
THE SLAYER TO GO...
CORDY.



HEY, I
RESENT
THAT.

YOU WERE
SAYING, ABOUT
ANGEL?



YES, IT SEEMS
THERE'S A CONNECTION
BETWEEN A FEMALE VAMPIRE
AND A SURGEON. I'M INVESTIGATING
THE LOCAL HOSPITALS, BLOOD
SPECIALISTS BEING THE
FIRST POINT OF
ENQUIRY.

WHAT ARE
WE SEARCHING
FOR?



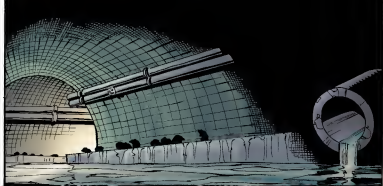
I DON'T KNOW.
UNUSUAL AREAS OF
RESEARCH, KEEPING LATE
HOURS...? I REALLY DON'T
KNOW. ANGEL IS
QUESTIONING HIS
UNDERGROUND CONTACTS.
TOGETHER WE HOPE TO
FIND SOMETHING.

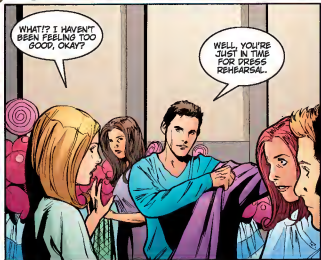
I CAN
HELP AFTER
SCHOOL...

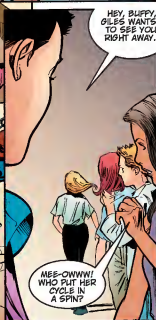
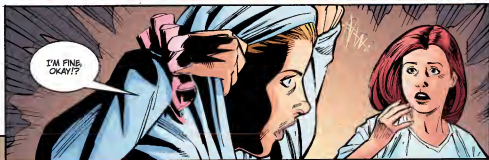
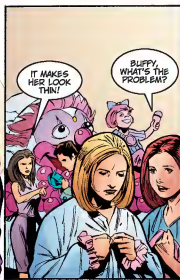
MUCH APPRECIATED.
BUT UNTIL THEN
CONCENTRATE ON
FINISHING THIS--

--WORK OF ...
ART.













FULL OF
TINY... METALLIC
FRAGMENTS?



THAT WAS
NEVER PART OF
MY FORMULA.



THEY'VE
BEEN ADDED
AFTER THE
FACT.



WHICH
MIGHT
EXPLAIN--



WHERE
IS SHE?!

SHE NEVER
CALLS HER
MOTHER.



I'VE BEEN WORRIED SICK.



ERR, THERE, THERE. DON'T YOU WORRY, I'M SURE SHE'LL COME RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR WITH THE SLAYER'S CORPSE ANY MINUTE NOW.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT.



WELL, NO BUT--

AND YOU MADE HER, YOU IDIOT! WHY COULDN'T YOU MAKE A DARK SLAYER WHO DID AS SHE WAS TOLD?



CALL YOURSELF A DOCTOR? YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR LICENSE REVOKED.

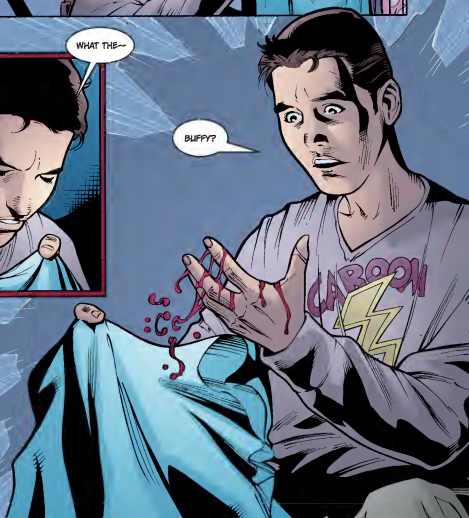


S-SORRY, MISTRESS. CREATING THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL WITH GOOD MANNERS IS A DIFFICULT TASK.

EXCUSES, EXCUSES! THAT'S ALL I EVER HEAR.



IF YOU WANT A JOB DONE WELL... COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO FIND YOUR DARK SLAYER.





ALL PLAY
AND NO
WORK--



URK!

--MAKES
THE DARK
SLAYER A
GREASE SPOT
UNDER MY
HEEL.



I... --BACK--
DONE MY...
CHORES.



WELL, MISSY,
IF BUFFY IS
DEAD, WHERE'S
HER CORPSE?



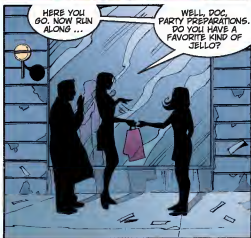
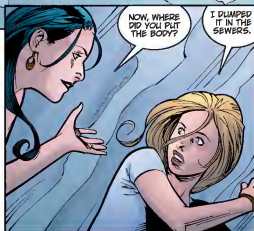
I'M SURE
SHE HAS IT
SOMEWHERE,
MISTRESS.



YEAH, I KILLED
HER, BUT I DIDN'T
KEEP THE BODY.
THINK I'M SOME
KIND OF SICKO?

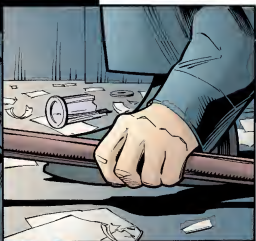


YESSS!

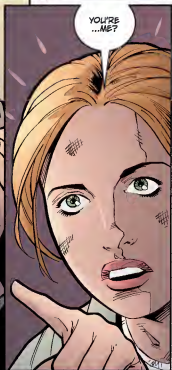


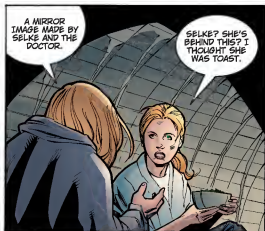












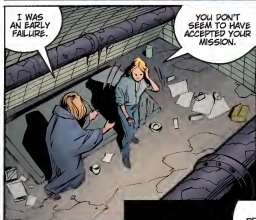
A MIRROR
IMAGE MADE BY
SELKE AND THE
DOCTOR.

SELKE? SHE'S
BEHIND THIS? I
THOUGHT SHE
WAS TOAST.



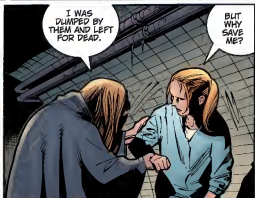
SHE WANTS
YOU DEAD.

SO SHE
SENT MY
OTHER EVIL
TWIN TO
KILL ME?



I WAS
AN EARLY
FAILURE.

YOU DON'T
SEEM TO HAVE
ACCEPTED YOUR
MISSION.

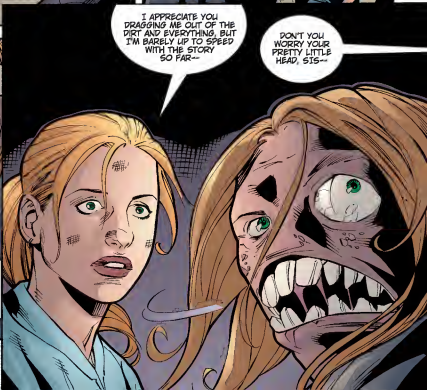


I WAS
DUMPED BY
THEM AND LEFT
FOR DEAD.

BUT WHY
SAVE
ME?



I'M DYING.
I WANT YOU
TO LIVE. WHEN
YOU'RE WELL, YOU
WILL GO BACK
AND KILL
THEM.

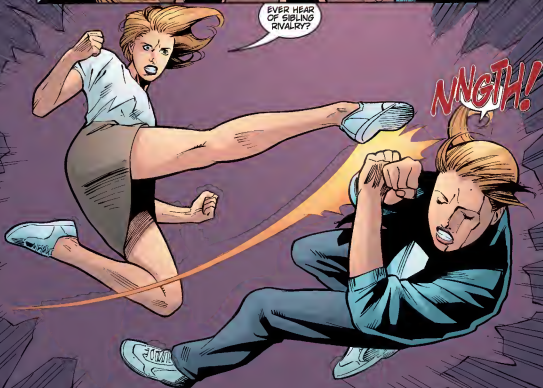


I APPRECIATE YOU
DRAGGING ME OUT OF THE
DIRT AND EVERYTHING, BUT
I'M BARELY UP TO SPEED
WITH THE STORY
SO FAR--

DON'T YOU
WORRY YOUR
PRETTY LITTLE
HEAD, SIS--



--THIS IS
WHERE THE
STORY
ENDS.



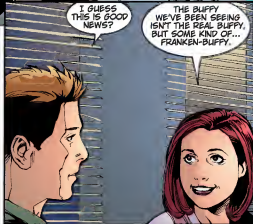


IT'S BLOOD...
BUT NOT LIKE I'VE
EVER SEEN.



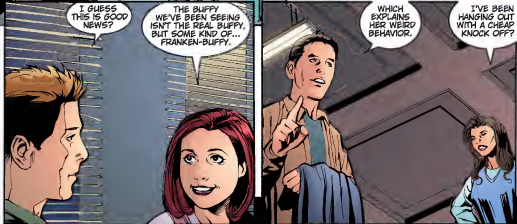
YOU'RE
ABSOLUTELY
SURE THAT THIS
IS FROM
"BUFFY"?

YEAH. SHE
MUST HAVE CUT
HERSELF INSIDE
THE COSTUME.



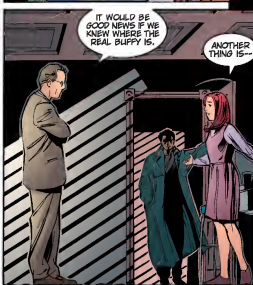
I GUESS
THIS IS GOOD
NEWS?

THE BUFFY
WE'VE BEEN SEEING
ISN'T THE REAL BUFFY,
BUT SOME KIND OF...
FRANKEN-BUFFY.



WHICH
EXPLAINS
HER WEIRD
BEHAVIOR.

I'VE BEEN
HANGING OUT
WITH A CHEAP
KNOCK OFF?



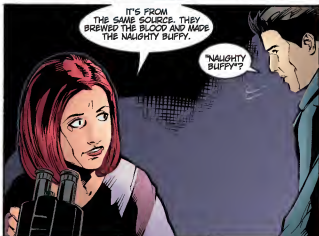
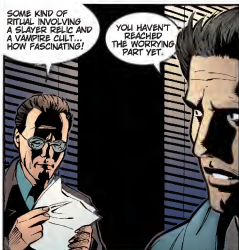
IT WOULD BE
GOOD NEWS IF WE
KNEW WHERE THE
REAL BUFFY IS.

ANOTHER
THING IS--



TAKE A CLOSE
LOOK AT THIS. I FOUND
THE SOURCE OF THE
NEW BLOODS.

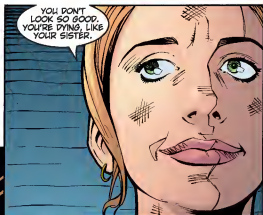
IT WAS
HOUSED IN A
PLASTIC SURGERY
CLINIC. THIS DOC
FLITTER IS
INVOLVED.



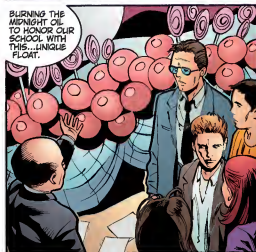
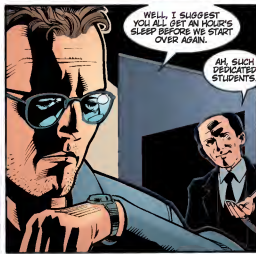


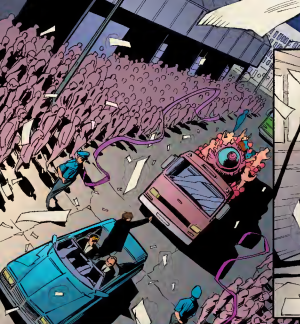












HAHA. THE
VAMPIRE
BLOOD. IT'S
REACTING!



D-DOC.



IF YOU
TAKE THE
EAST SIDE--

WHAT
THE--

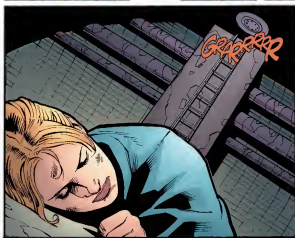


I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
THIS MEANS,
BUT I'M SURE
IT'S BAD.

GACCKKKK



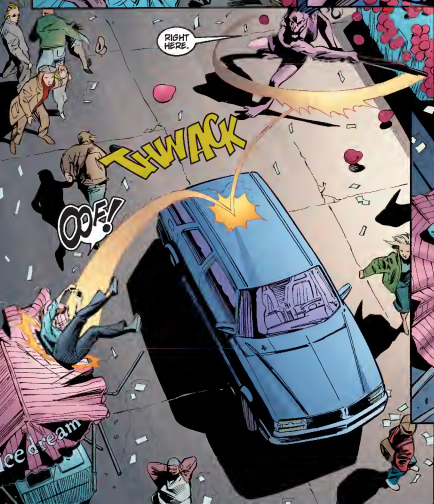
PFF!
SHOW-OFFS.
THEY GET A GREAT
COSTUME AND THINK
THEY OWN THE
PLACE.





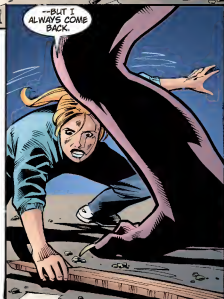


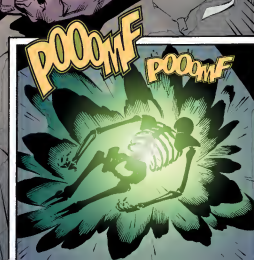












FASCINATING. THEY WERE BORN FROM HER WORK, AND DIED WITH HER. NOT A NORMAL VAMPIRE TRAIT, BUT NOT UNHEARD OF IN OTHER MAGICAL PRACTICES.

AND LUCKY FOR US.

SO, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN LATELY, BUFFY?

IN THE SEWER.

YOU CAN TAKE THE GIRL OUT OF THE SEWER...

I REALLY NEED A SHOWER AND MY BED.

I HAVE MUCH FOLLOW-UP WORK TO DO ON THIS INCIDENT.

SIGH, THE PAPERWORK.

WELL, I'M JUST GLAD THIS THING'S BEHIND US. THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE BUFFY IN THIS TOWN.

SHORT STORIES



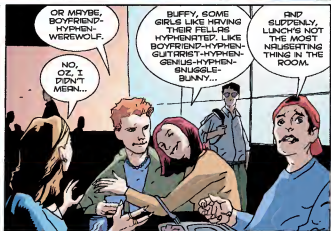
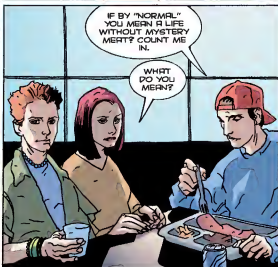


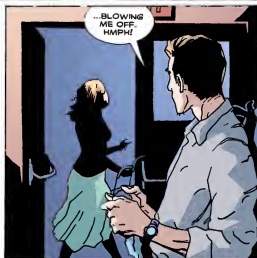
BAD DOG

EAT
WOOD,
LOSER!













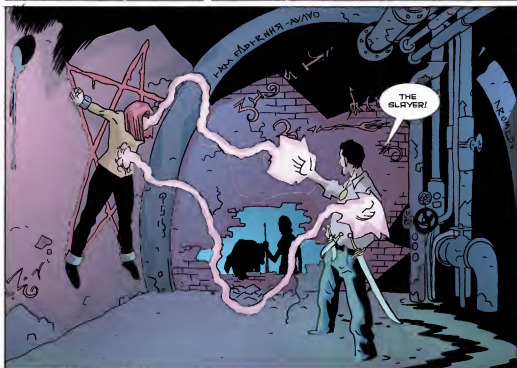


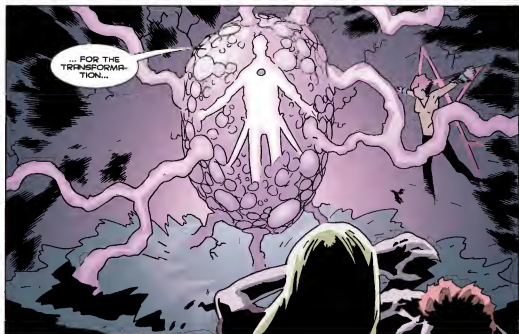














...TO
MY HIGHER
SELF!



CAN YOU
GET WILLOW
OUT OF
HERE?

ON IT.

DO IT.
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
AMAZING
SPIDER-BOY
HERE.



I'M DOUBTING
IT, SLAYER. I'VE
BEEN PRACTICING
THE PERFECT
MAGIC SINCE
FOURTH GRADE.
DRAINING THE WICCA
GAVE ME POWER--
AND I PLAN TO
USE IT!



HE'S A
TOTAL NUT-
JOB.

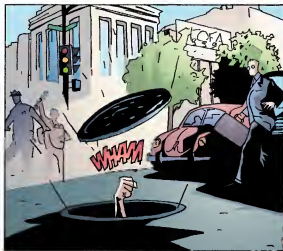
I'M
GETTING
THAT.

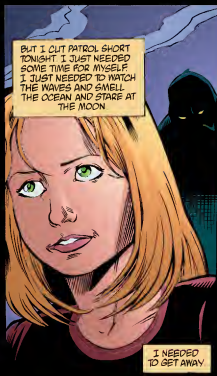


BUFFY!

GO!









BACK OFF! LOOK AROUND. BEACH, MOON-LIGHT, OCEAN AIR, PEACEFUL WAVES... **NO MONSTERS!**



WHAT DOES A GIRL HAVE TO DO TO GET SOME QUIET TIME IN THIS TOWN?



BREAK OUT THE TARTAR SAUCE KIDDIES.



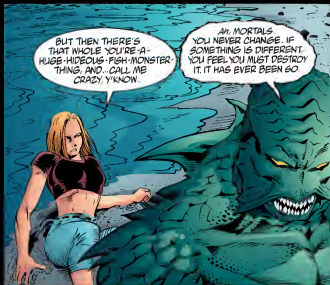
STOP THAT.



HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT IT'S WET DOWN HERE?

WHICH IS GOOD, RIGHT? WET, I MEAN. BUT FOR YOU, SEE, WET FOR ME IS...

ENOUGH, HUMAN. WHY DID YOU ATTACK ME? I DID NOTHING TO YOU.



HE TOLD ME WHAT HE WAS DOING THERE, AND MY HEART SANK. I THOUGHT I'D FELT BAD BEFORE...

...HE WAS THERE TO DIE. JUST WAITING FOR THE SUN TO COME UP, AND DRY HIM OUT, BASICALLY DEHYDRATE HIM TO DEATH OR WHATEVER.

HIS VILLAGE--AND IT WIGGED ME TO THINK THERE WAS A WHOLE VILLAGE OF FISH-GUYS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE--WAS DYING. LOCAL FISHING HAD GUT DANGEROUSLY INTO THEIR FOOD SUPPLY.

IT HAD BEEN HIS JOB TO GO OUT AND FIND A NEW HOME FOR THEM. A PLACE HUMAN DIVERS WOULDN'T BE LIKELY TO GO, BUT WHERE THERE WOULD BE ENOUGH FOOD FOR ALL OF THEM, FUTURE GENERATIONS AS WELL.

I FAILED. BUT I CANNOT RETURN TO THEM TO TELL THEM THEIR FAITH IN ME WAS MISPLACED. I WAS THE CHOSEN. I FAILED. I MUST DIE.

HEY, COME ON. IT ISN'T EASY BEING CHOSEN. ALL THOSE PEOPLE PUTTING THEIR EXPECTATIONS ON YOU, REALIZING YOU CAN NEVER BE AS PERFECT AS THEY EXPECT YOU TO BE.

IT'S TOUGH, BUT...

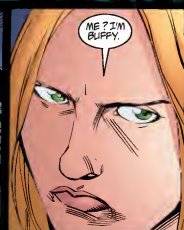
WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF IT? SOFT LITTLE HUMAN FLESHLING.

I...I KNOW THAT.

YOU KNOW NOTHING. LEAVE ME NOW.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO DIE WITH ME.

HMPH. GUESS THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR NOT MINDING MY OWN--







GO AHEAD
THERE, FLOUNDER.
HAVE A BITE. WE'RE ALL
PRETTY PULL, AND HAPPY
TO SHARE.



WHOA!
NOW THERE'S
ONE HUNGRY
SEA-MONSTER.



YOU'RE
PARTYING WITH
THE UNDEAD NOW,
PALLY!

HEY,
WATCH
OU--

UGHNN!



HEY, BACK
OFF, FLOUNDER!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE--



HHURRRKKK!

VAMPIRE
FILTH! YOU THINK
YOURSELVES A MATCH
FOR HER?

FOR THE
SLAYER? SHE
IS THE CHOSEN
ONE!

WHAT ARE WE
DOING, MAN?
WE'RE
RUNNING!

YEAH, YOU LOOK
DOWN ON THE BEACH
AND TELL ME--YOU GOT
A PROBLEM WITH THAT



JUST
ASKING.



STAKES
ARE SO MUCH
NEATER.



YOU KNOW
WHAT--I MEAN,
WHO I AM?



I HEARD
THEM CALL YOU
'SLAYER.' WE HAVE
HEARD OF YOU. A
MORTAL. A
HUMAN.



THE CHOSEN ONE
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
JUST A MYTH.

YEAH. I
KNOW THE
FEELING.

YOU SHAME ME,
SLAYER. BUT I DO NOT
UNDERSTAND. WHY DO YOU
DO IT? WHY DO YOU KEEP
FIGHTING AGAINST THE
DARKNESS WHEN YOU KNOW
IT IS AN ENDLESS STRUGGLE?
SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU
ARE CHOSEN?

I DO IT
BECAUSE I CAN
BECAUSE THERE ARE
PEOPLE COUNTING ON
ME, EVERY SINGLE
DAY. PEOPLE
I LOVE.



THANK YOU,
SLAYER. I BELIEVE
I FINALLY UNDER-
STAND WHAT IT
MEANS TO BE
CHOSEN.

I GO TO
FIND A NEW
HOME FOR MY
PEOPLE. BE
WELL, SLAYER.
PERHAPS WE'LL
MEET AGAIN
SOME DAY.
AFTER ALL,
THE MOON
SHINES UPON US
BOTH.



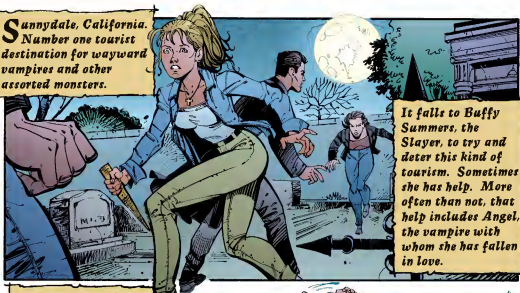
YEAH,
THAT CRAZY
MOON.

GOOD
NIGHT.

AND
GOOD
LUCK.

THE
END

Sunnydale, California.
Number one tourist
destination for wayward
vampires and other
assorted monsters.



It falls to Buffy Summers, the Slayer, to try and deter this kind of tourism. Sometimes she has help. More often than not, that help includes Angel, the vampire with whom she has fallen in love.

He has his own history.

CURSED!

I'M SORRY, ANGELUS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE WILLING TO KILL YOUR OWN KIND...YOU'RE DUST.

YOU NEED ANY HELP, ANGEL?



THANKS, BUT I'VE GOT IT.



YOU DON'T KNOW ME, DORIAN, YOU ONLY KNOW THE MONSTER I USED TO BE.



A vampire is, in essence, a human corpse with a demon inside.



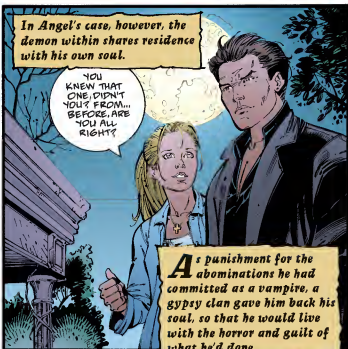
A demon with all the memories and much of the personality of the corpse.

It takes up residence where the soul used to be.



In Angel's case, however, the demon within shares residence with his own soul.

YOU KNEW THAT ONE, DIDN'T YOU? FROM... BEFORE. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



As punishment for the abominations he had committed as a vampire, a gypsy clan gave him back his soul, so that he would live with the horror and guilt of what he'd done.



NEVER.

SHE REMINDED YOU OF THE PAST, BUT THAT WASN'T YOU, ANGEL. YOU DIDN'T REALLY DO ALL OF THOSE THINGS. IT WAS THE DEMON. YOU KNOW THAT.

BUT IT WAS ME. THESE HANDS, THIS FLESH, THIS MIND, REALLY, IF YOU WANT TO THINK OF IT LIKE THAT.



"I COULD LIVE UNTIL THE
END OF THE WORLD, AND
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE
THINGS I DID."

Galway, Ireland.
1753.

"I HAD BEEN OUT
CAROUSING WITH
LIAM MCHUGH, MY
CLOSEST FRIEND,
WHEN DARA FOUND
ME AND TOOK MY
BLOOD."

WAKE
NOW, ANGELUS.
MY ANGEL
THE FIRST
NIGHT OF
FOREVER.

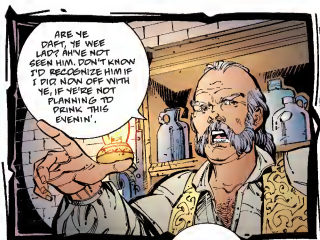
"SHE PROMISED
ME ETERNITY,
AND I WAS FOOLISH
ENOUGH NOT TO
ASK WHAT IT
WOULD COST."

I...
I CAN'T
BREATHE!

FOOLISH
BOY, YOU
DON'T NEED
TO BREATHE.
NOT
ANYMORE.

NOW
COME, YOU
MUST SAY
GOODBYE TO YOUR
OLD LIFE AND
EMBRACE THE NEW.
WE'LL BEGIN
WITH A
FEAST.

YOU
MUST
BE
STARVED.





"HE MEANT NOTHING TO ME, BUFFY. I LOOKED IN HIS FACE, AND ALL I SAW WAS THE BLOOD AND HUNGER."

"YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO, ME FRIEND. THOUGH I'D SAY THIS FINE LASS GOES A LONG WAY TOWARD THAT EXPLANATION."



"WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW RIGHT WE ARE."



"SAY, ARE YE ALL RIGHT, ANGELUS? YE DONT LOOK QUITE RIGHT."



"I FEEL WONDERFUL, LIAM. AND, AS FOR THAT WEE LASS YE EYED SO THOROUGHLY, HER NAME IS DARLA. SHE'S INTRODUCED ME TO A WHOLE NEW WORLD."



"LET ME SHOW YOU."

"AAAH!"



"IT WAS... I ENJOYED IT THOROUGHLY, HIS FEAR, THE SCENT OF BLOOD. I TONED WITH HIM, BUFFY, AND IT WAS FUN."

"LORD HELP ME, ANGELUS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YE'RE ABOUT..."

"...OR WHAT THAT SLATTERN HAS DONE TO YOUR MIND..."



"BUT I'LL NOT WASTE ANOTHER MOMENT WITH YOU."

"OH, DON'T RUN OFF YET, LIAM. THE NIGHT IS YOUNG, AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN EATEN YET."



"OUT OF MY WAY, TROLLOP!"

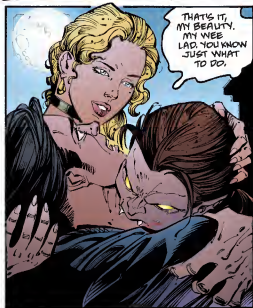


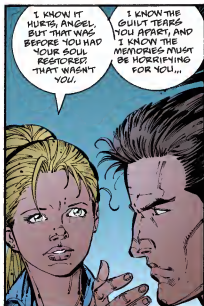
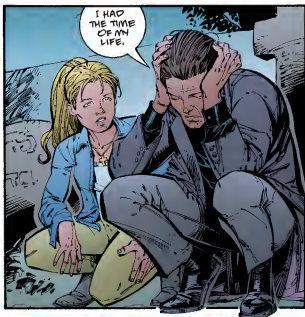
"THAT ISN'T VERY NICE, LIAM."

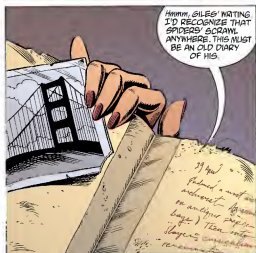


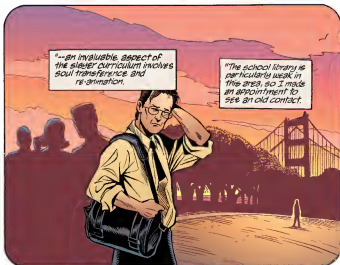
"DAMN YE TO HELL, ANGELUS. I'LL KILL YE FOR THAT."

"I'VE NO DOUBT THAT YE WOULD..."









"--an invaluable aspect of the slayer curriculum involves soul transference and re-animation.

"The school library is particularly weak in this area, so I made an appointment to see an old contact.



"In the past, George Fogg had been particularly adept at locating obscure occult texts for me.



"He was always a fastidious chap, which is why I barely recognized him that day."

MR. FOGG?

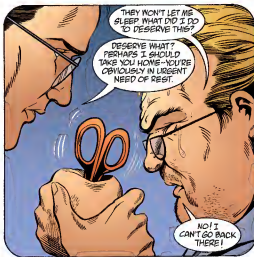


"The poor fellow was obviously not himself. I was curious to discover what was troubling him."

YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME IF I TELL YOU, MR. GILES. YOU'LL SUSPECT I'M MAD... OR SOON WILL BE.

I ASSURE YOU, MR. FOGG, YOU HAVE MY COMPLETE CONFIDENCE.

"I did my best to calm him, but he was becoming hysterical."

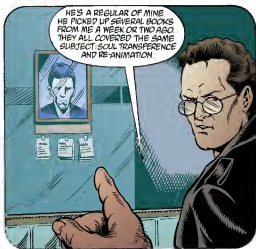


THEY WON'T LET ME SLEEP WHAT DO I DO TO DESERVE THIS?

DESERVE WHAT? PERHAPS I SHOULD TAKE YOU HOME--YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY IN URGENT NEED OF REST.

NO! I CAN'T GO BACK THERE!

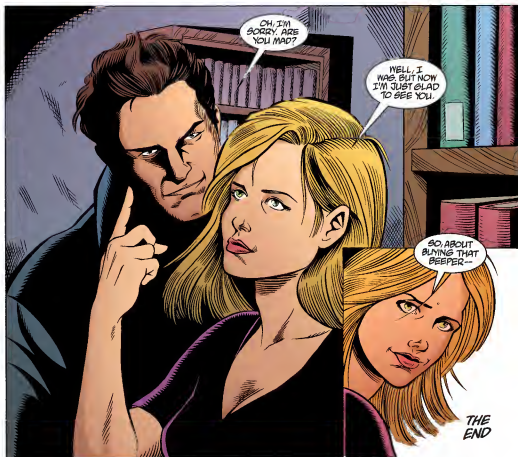












THEY SAY WAR IS HELL. SO IS HIGH SCHOOL. AND IN THE CASE OF SUNNYDALE HIGH, WELL, THE SCHOOL IS BUILT RIGHT ON TOP OF THE "BOCA DEL INFIERNO."

THE HELLMOUTH.

SO, XANDER, ARE YOU GOING TO THE GAME TONIGHT, OR JUST MEETING CORDELIA AFTER?

BUT, Y'KNOW, ASIDE FROM THAT? IT'S PRETTY MUCH LIKE EVERY OTHER SCHOOL.

ACTUALLY, I WAS KIND OF THINKING--

ABOUT GOING TO THE LIBRARY. NOW, 'CUZ WE LOVE IT THERE SO VERY MUCH.

HEY, ROSENBERG. WAIT UP!

BACK OFF, BURGESS! MAN, NOT TOO FULL OF YOURSELF, ARE YOU?

HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOUR NEANDERTHAL BRAIN THAT WILLOW'S TRYING TO GET OUT OF TUTORING BECAUSE YOU'RE, OH, I DON'T KNOW, A JERK? NOT TO MENTION RATHER LARGE AND SCARY?

OH, HEY, JOE! LOOK, XANDER, IT'S JOE.

I'VE CALLED YOU LIKE THREE TIMES, WILLOW, AND YOU'RE MAJORLY BLOWING ME OFF. I NEED MATH HELP, OR I'M GONNA FAIL. I FAIL, I CAN'T PLAY FOOTBALL. I DON'T PLAY. WE LOSE!

THAT'S IT, HARRIS! I'VE AVOIDED KICKING YOUR BUTT FOR YEARS, MAINLY BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE HAD BEEN THERE FIRST. BUT NOW YOU'VE STEPPED IN IT, LOSER.

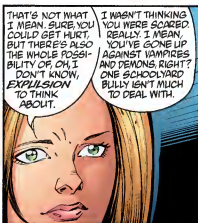
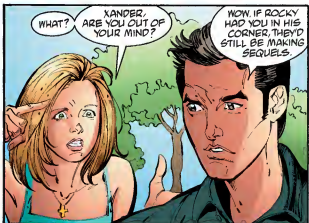
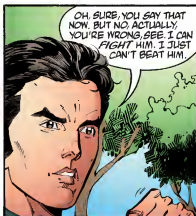
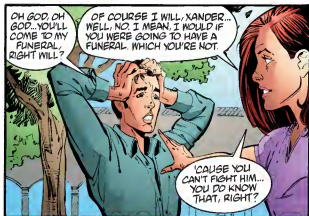
TONIGHT, AFTER THE GAME, UNDER THE AWAY TEAM BLEACHERS.

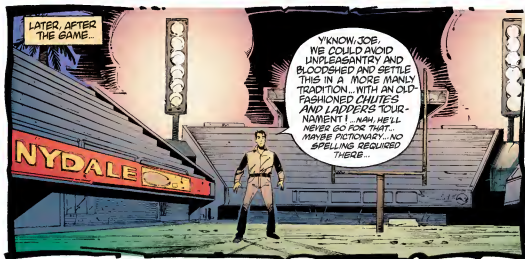
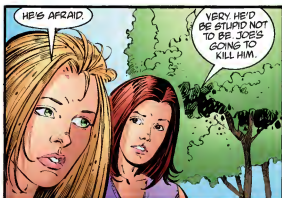
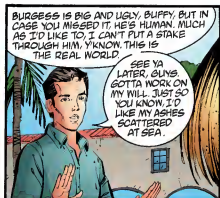
I'LL BE THERE, NUMB-SKULL!

CRUEL...
DEUSCHLUS.

IT HATES THE SUN. MUCH NICER IN THE COOL DARK PLACE WHERE IT SLEPT. BUT WHEN IT GOT THE SCENT... THE CRUEL SCENT... IT HAD TO COME UP AND SEE. THERE WILL BE A HUNT COME NIGHTFALL WHEN THE SHADOWS WILL HIDE IT.

STINGER





"NOW, ANDY, THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF JOE, WASN'T IT? WHAT A GUY."

LIFT YOUR ARMS A LITTLE HIGHER, WILL YOU, GILES?

MY APOLOGIES. IT WOULD BE EASIER TO KEEP TRACK IF I WERE ABLE TO FEEL THEM.

BUFFY, WHAT HAPPENED? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET ME AT THE GAME.

SORRY, WILL, I LOST TRACK OF TIME. GOTTA JET, GILES. I'LL BE BACK IN A LITTLE WHILE.

NO HURRY. PERHAPS BY THE TIME YOU RETURN I'LL BE ABLE TO MOVE MY ARMS AGAIN.

C'MON, ANDY, THINK ABOUT IT! JOE'S OFF MTH SOME HONEY AND YOU'RE HERE DOING HIS DIRTY WORK. DOES THAT MAKE SENSE? BESIDES, MAYBE I'M ACTUALLY A VERY DANGEROUS GUY. YOU COULD BE STEPPING INTO A WORLD OF PAIN...

YOU WANNA SEE PAIN, HARRIS--

--YOU GOT AIEEE!

HRRRMMMM! NOT BURGESSSS!

NOT BURGESSSS, BUT HUNGRREEEE. GOOD, GOOD FEAR.

IN A HEARTBEAT, IT'S OVER.
ANDY STOPS THRASHING,
FROZEN IN DEATH.

AAAH. CRUEL.
DELICIOUS.

XANDER CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
BUT RUN.

...WELL, I
GUESS I'LL
LET YOU
DINE IN
PEACE.

OH, MAN,
WHAT THE HELL
IS THAT...

GAAH!

XANDER!

WHAT'S
GOING ON?
IS BURGESS
IN THERE?

NOT BURGESS. HE
WENT UP TO THE POINT
WITH SOME GIRL, SENT
ONE OF HIS BUDDIES
TO KILL ME, AND THEN THE
MONSTER SHOWED UP.

THE
MONSTER
SHOWED
UP?

DOESN'T
ONE
ALWAYS?

YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN IT. HUGE
THING, TAIL LIKE A
SCORPION, TALKING ABOUT
EATING FEAR AND CRUELTY
WHATEVER. IT'S A
CONCEPTUAL DIET, I GUESS.

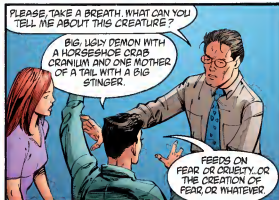
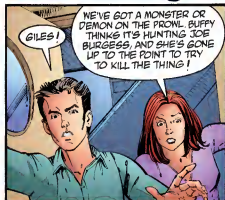
IF IT
EATS FEAR,
WHY DID IT
PICK THE
BRUISER HERE
AND NOT
YOU?

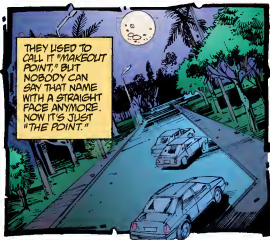
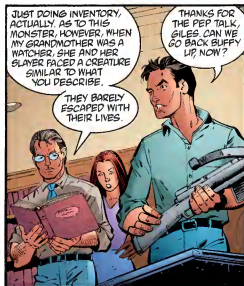
"HE'S DEAD, JIM." SCARED
TO DEATH, IF THAT'S EVEN
POSSIBLE. MAYBE HE DOESN'T GO
AFTER THE PERSON WHO'S AFRAID,
BUT THE ONE WHO, I DON'T
KNOW, INSPIRES THAT FEAR.

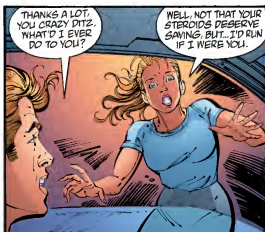
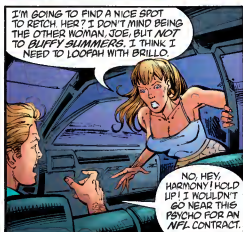
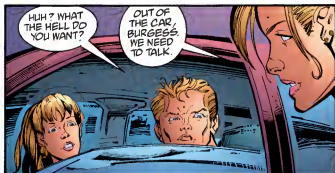
"DELICIOUS."
IT SAID "CRUEL,"
"DELICIOUS" AND
IT SAID BURGESS'S
NAME, LIKE IT WAS
LOOKING FOR HIM
SPECIFICALLY.

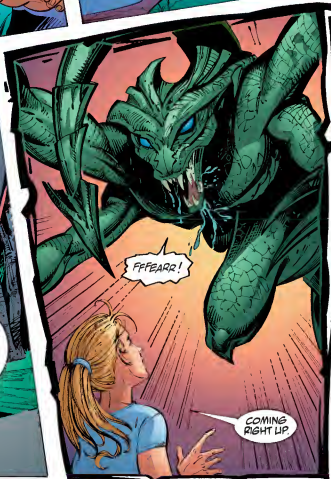
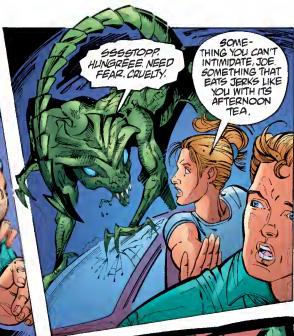
SO, WHAT? IT
FEEDS ON MEAN
PEOPLE? IF IT
KNEW JOE WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE... AND THEN
KILLED ANDY INSTEAD
...IT'S PROBABLY
TRACKING JOE
RIGHT NOW.

SO, WHO
WANTS TO
HIT THE
BRONZE?

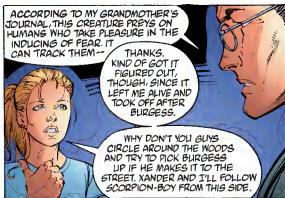
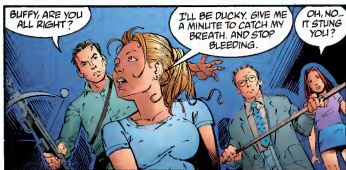












HUHNFF, HUHNFF,
OHGOD, OHGOD...

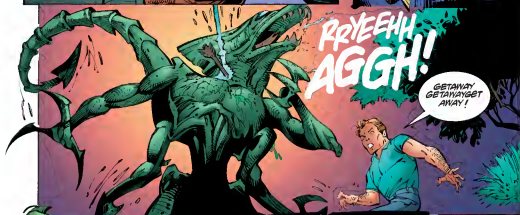
OHMAN...
YES!

HUNGREEE!

FFFEARR!

THERE
IT IS!

NOW, THAT
THING'S REALLY
UGLY. EVEN, Y'KNOW,
FOR A DEMON.









NOW, G-MAN. YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH THAT THING. EVER DO ANY BEHEADING IN YOUR WILD YOUTH?

I SUPPOSE I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "THANK YOU," AND I'VE TOLD YOU NEVER TO CALL ME THAT.

THANKS, XANDER. THAT WAS A NASTY LITTLE DEMON. IT AMAZES ME THAT YOU CAN FIGHT SOMETHING LIKE THAT, AND STILL BE AFRAID OF A GUY LIKE JOE BURGESS.

I KNOW. KIND OF A WIMP, HUH?

XANDER, REALLY, THERE'S NO SHAME IN BEING AFRAID OF PAIN AND HUMILIATION.

WHAT TAKES REAL COURAGE IS KNOWING WHEN TO FIGHT AND WHEN TO WALK AWAY...HEY, WILLOW, WHERE'S JOE?

I ASKED HIM IF HE STILL WANTED TO FIGHT XANDER. Y'KNOW, AFTER YOU GUYS WERE DONE KILLING THE MONSTER HE WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM? HE KIND OF TOOK OFF AFTER THAT.

YOU'RE KIDDING? THAT MUSCLEBOUND, STEROID-HEAD IS AFRAID OF ME?



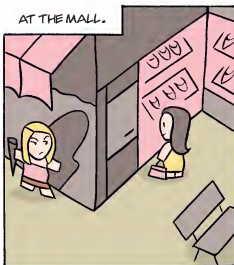
I'M TELLING YOU GUYS, THIS TOWN GETS WEIRDER EVERY DAY.

HEY!

THE END



AT THE MALL.



CORDELIA!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

SUDDENLY
IT'S A CRIME
TO DO SOME
LAST MINUTE
SHOE SHOP-
PING?

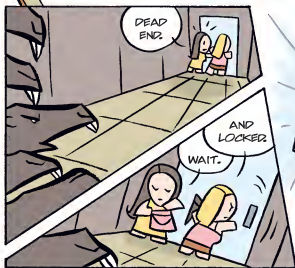


NO, BUT I'M
FOLLOWING
UP REPORTS
OF WEIRDNESS
IN THE MALL
AT NIGHT.



EKK!









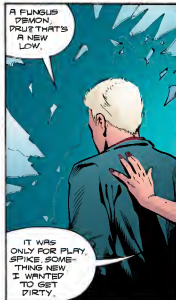
DAMMIT, DRU,
HOW COULD YOU?
SO MUCH FOR
ETERNITY, EH?
WHAT DOES IT TAKE
TO KEEP YOU
HAPPY?

MY BONES
TURNED HOLLOW
AND I FEARED I
WOULD FLOAT AWAY.
HE HELD ME DOWN.
WHAT ARE **YOU** GOING
TO DO ABOUT IT? REALLY,
SPIKE, WHAT **CAN**
YOU DO?

DO?
I'LL HAVE
YOUR GUTS
FOR GARTERS,
THAT'S WHAT
I'LL DO.

BUT
FIRST
THINGS
FIRST.

KRASH!



A FUNGUS
DEMON,
DRU? THAT'S
A NEW
LOW.

IT WAS
ONLY FOR PLAY,
SPIKE. SOME-
THING NEW.
I WANTED
TO GET
DIRTY.



THAT'S
WORSE, YOU
SILLY COW.
WHATEVER
YOU THINK, I
AM NOT YOUR
DAMN
PUPPY.



NO, YOU'RE
THE BIG BAD,
MY BAD BOY.
AND I'VE BEEN
A BAD GIRL, SO
YOU MUST PUNISH
ME.

SO?
THAT,
I'M DONE
WITH YOU.



SEE, IT WASN'T
THE FIRST TIME
SHE'D DONE IT.

TIME
BEFORE
THAT, I
GOT ALL
MOROSE,
MADE A
BIT OF A
FOOL OF
MYSELF.



GOT A TASTE OF
WHAT BROODING'S
DO TO A ROMANCE
KNEW THERE WAS
ONLY ONE ANSWER.

I HAD T' FIND
HER, PUT A BIT
OF FUN BACK
IN OUR LIVES.



FIGURED I'D
TORTURE
HER UNTIL
SHE LOVED
ME AGAIN.



ALL RIGHT, DRU,
YOU GOT BORED,
HAPPENS, I
SUPPOSE, BUT
THAT'S ALL IN
THE PAST NOW.



I'LL
MAKE
SURE YOU
NEVER GET
BORED
AGAIN.

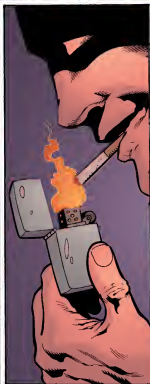


OOOOH,
SPIKE...

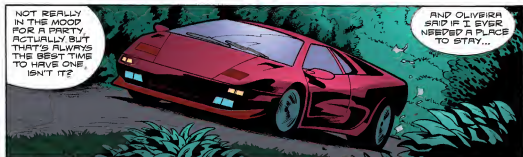
MAYBE
THERE
TRULY ARE
DARK AND
NASTY BITS
OF YOU I
HAVEN'T SEEN
YET.

SHOW
ME, BUT
DON'T SET
ME LOOSE
JUST YET.













PERFECT. YOU AND ME, PET, LIKE ALWAYS. LIVING FOR EACH OTHER.



MEMORY SHIFTS WITH THE COLOR OF THE SKY. THE WORLD IS FULL OF PRETTINESS AND PAIN, AND IT CALLS ME. I DON'T LIVE FOR YOU, SPIKE.



THEN WHY, DRU? WHY THE HELL DID YOU MAKE ME?



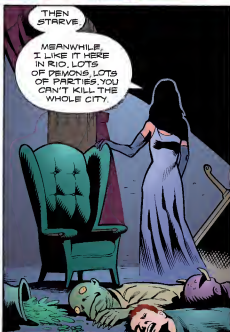
JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO PLAY WITH, I GUESS.

BUT **WE** CAN STILL PLAY, SPIKE.

LIKE HELL.

I DON'T TAKE TABLE SCRAPS FROM ANYONE, DRU.

IT'S THE WHOLE FEAST OR NOTHING FOR ME.



THEN STARVE.

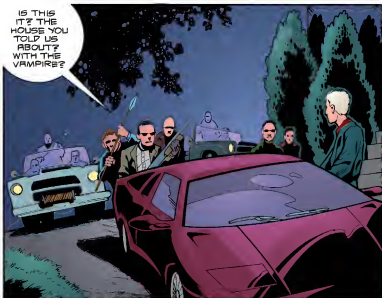
MEANWHILE, I LIKE IT HERE IN RIO. LOTS OF DEMONS, LOTS OF PARTIES. YOU CAN'T KILL THE WHOLE CITY.



NO.

GUESS I CAN'T.

IS THIS
IT? THE
HOUSE YOU
TOLD US
ABOUT?
WITH THE
VAMPIRES?



OH, VAMPIRES
ALL RIGHT, AND
MORE. GO TO
IT, BOYS. THE
EVIL THING'S
JUST INSIDE.



YOU A
FRIEND OF
DRU'S, THEN?
HSH.

SHE'LL LIVE, OF
COURSE. SHE'LL KILL
'EM ALL. BUT AFTER
TONIGHT SHE WON'T
BE ABLE TO STAY IN
RIO ANYMORE. LEAST
I TOOK THAT AWAY
FROM HER.



SORRY, JUST
THINK I NEED
A LITTLE
TIME TO MY-
SELF.



The Hollower





San Francisco, California.

Perhaps more than
any other city in
America, it's a
place where every-
one is welcome,
and anything can
happen.

A city of freedom,
and new beginnings.

Under its lights, we
are all free to pursue
our dreams...

...or night-
mares.

WELL,
AIN'T
THEY
ADORABLE?

I WOULD
HAVE SAID
"DELECTABLE,"
BUT HAVE
IT YOUR
WAY.

AHHH!
NO, WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
YOU'RE--

I LOVE
THIS CITY,
JOHNNY
LEE, SO
MANY
FLAVORS

NO!
OH, GOD,
LET ME
GOOOOO!

DAMN!
COME BACK
HERE, YA
LITTLE--



NOOO!
GET
AWAY!

I DON'T
LIKE TO WORK
FOR MY FOOD,
GIRL. I'M GONNA
HAVE TO DO
YOU MESSY,
NOW.



MIRIAM WAS MY
ROMANCE,
THE SPICE
OF LIFE.



NOW,
WHERE
DID THAT
BOY RUN
OFF TO...?



NO!
GET YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME, YOU-CH,
NO, PLEASE--

THAT'S
FAR
ENOUGH!



AH, THERE
YOU ARE! WHAT
A GLORIOUS
NIGHT, LOVER.
WE'RE LIKE WOLVES
IN THE PRIMEVAL
FOREST, RUNNING
THE PREY TO
GROUND.

I LOVE
THIS
TOWN!



SMACK!





Two months later.

NO, REALLY, I MEAN IT, I'M THE CHOSEN ONE, PAL. THE SLAYER. ONE GIRL IN ALL THE WORLD CHOSEN TO FIGHT THE HORDES OF DARKNESS. BLAH BLAH BLAH. YOU KNOW THE DRILL.

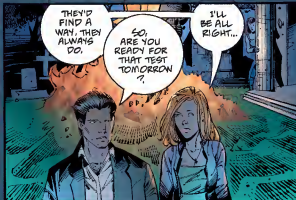
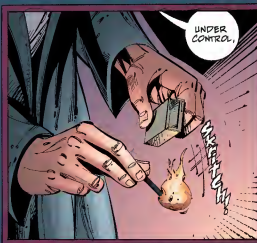
SOT YOU'VE GOTTA TRUST ME ON THIS...



IT'S
"I-HAVE-A-
TEST-TOMORROW-
AND-WOULD-
YOU-JUST-
DIE-
ALREADY"?

REARRGH!!





Sunnydale High School.

Unlikely as it may seem, the strategies in the war against darkness are planned within these walls.

For each Slayer, there is a Watcher. A scholar learned in the mysteries of chaos, skilled in the ways of the warrior, assigned the venerable duty of training the Slayer.

And, since Buffy Summers insists on remaining a student, her Watcher, Rupert Giles, has found a way to stay close to her, and to his vast collection of arcane tomes.

They've got quite a library at Sunnydale High. And quite a librarian.

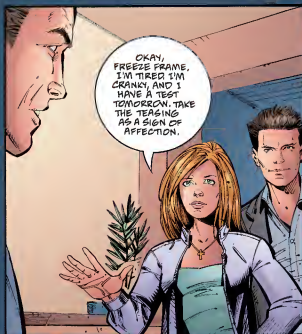
AH, HERE WE ARE, THEN, EXCELLENT.

"PLEASE ANGEL, OF COURSE HE'S STILL HERE I MEAN, HE'S GILES."

GILES? HIDEY-HO, NEIGHBOR, YOU ARE STILL HERE, RIGHT?

OF COURSE I'M STILL HERE, BUFFY. AFTER ALL, WHERE ELSE WOULD I GO?

I'M GILES.



OKAY, FREEZE FRAME. I'M TIRED I'M CRANKY, AND I HAVE A TEST TOMORROW. TAKE THE TEASING AS A SIGN OF AFFECTION.



WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY...

TELL ME, HOW DID YOU FARE AGAINST PERISFERE? YOU'RE BOTH STILL IN WHAT MIGHT ARGUABLY BE CALLED ONE PIECE. I PRESUME YOU DESTROYED THE DEMON?



"OH, YEAH. WE MADE SUNNYDALE SAFE FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. YAY, US."

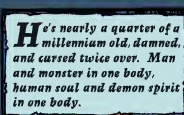
YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO SHOW A GIRL A GOOD TIME.

FIGHTING DEMONS IS AN AGE-OLD RITE OF COURTSHIP.



MAYBE WHERE YOU COME FROM, WHERE I COME FROM, THERE'S PRETTY MUCH "SCHOOL DANCE" OR "DINNER AND A MOVIE." BUT, HEY, FIGHTING DEMONS WORKS FOR ME.

NIGHT.



He's nearly a quarter of a millennium old, damned, and cursed twice over. Man and monster in one body, human soul and demon spirit in one body.

She loves him.

She's so young. A girl. But a girl chosen, destined to live her life for a greater purpose. Cursed, in some ways, just as he is. She should kill him.

He loves her.

The feeling is so strong between them, that each ignores the certainty in their hearts, the knowledge that it can never work.

Their love is doomed, and yet, they go on.

It makes them both a bit... irritable, at times.

ANGELUS.

NO, NO. DON'T SAY IT, THREATS, BRAGGING. I HEAR IT ALL THE TIME. JUST KEEP QUIET. BRING IT ON, AND DIE.

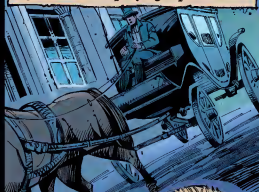
WE HAVEN'T COME TO DIE, ANGEL. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE'VE COME TO TALK.

CATHERINE?

Vienna,
Austria-Hungary,
1892.

A city of beauty and prosperity, where the Old World is in every stone of every structure ...but its citizens can taste the new century just around the corner.

Vienna is a cosmopolitan city. Its people have no time for their Old World beginnings, or the accompanying superstition.



But that doesn't mean it isn't there.

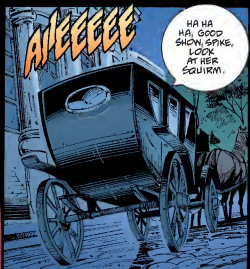


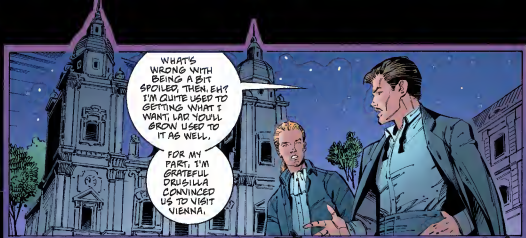
ALL RIGHT, YER BLOODY HIGHNESS, WE'RE HERE.

NEXT TIME, THOUGH, YOU DRIVE.



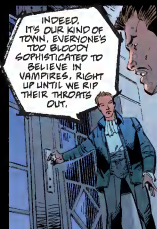
THAT'S A DEAL, M'LOD. NOW COME ON UP HERE. I SAVED YOU THE BEST OF THE LOT. A PLUMP LITTLE TART SHE IS, RIPE FOR THE PICKING.



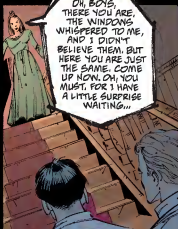


WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
BEING A BIT
SPOILED, THEN, EHT?
I'M QUITE USED TO
GETTING WHAT I
WANT, LAD YOU'LL
GROW USED TO
IT AS WELL.

FOR MY
PART, I'M
GRATEFUL
DRUSILLA
CONVINCED
US TO VISIT
VIENNA.



INDEED,
IT'S OUR KIND OF
TOWN, EVERYONE'S
TOO BLOODY
SOPHISTICATED TO
BELIEVE IN
VAMPIRES, RIGHT
UP UNTIL WE RIP
THEIR THROATS
OUT.



OH, BOYS,
THERE YOU ARE,
THE WINDING
WHISPERED TO ME,
AND I DIDN'T
BELIEVE THEM, BUT
HERE YOU ARE JUST
THE SAME. COME
UP NOW. OH, YOU
MUST, FOR I HAVE
A LITTLE SURPRISE
WAITING...



ARE YE
THINKIN'
WHAT
I'M
THINKIN'?

I WAS JUST
RECALLING THE
LAST TIME
DRUSILLA SAID
SHE HAD A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU.



AYE, LAD,
MY THOUGHT
AS WELL, I
STILL HAVE
SCARS
FROM THAT
NIGHT.

ALL RIGHT,
DRU, LET'S
HAVE YOUR
SURPRISE,
THEN...

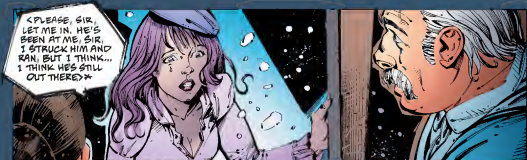


HER NAME
IS CATHERINE.
SHE'S FOR YOU,
ANGEL. ALL
FOR YOU.









* TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN -- ED.







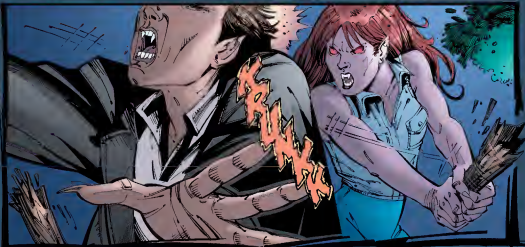




I DON'T CARE, DON'T YOU SEE?

IF THE HOLLOWERS' BACK, ALL THE BETTER.

OTHER THAN THE SLAYER, IT'S THE ONLY NATURAL PREDATOR VAMPIRES HAVE. WHY IN HELL WOULD I WANT TO HELP YOU?

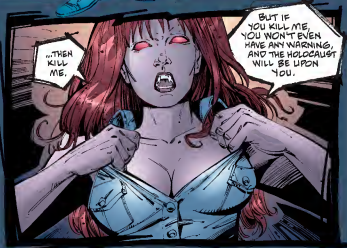


NOW, STAY DOWN, ANGEL. JUST STAY THERE FOR A MINUTE AND LISTEN TO ME.



I CAN'T FIGHT IT ON MY OWN. DON'T YOU SEE? YOU'VE FOUGHT IT BEFORE, YOU KNOW. AND YOU'VE STUDIED SUCH THINGS SINCE HOOKING UP WITH THE SLAYER.

I'M NOT STUPID. I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND IT, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE... DIFFERENT NOW. BUT IT ISN'T JUST ABOUT VAMPIRES DYING. YOUR WHOLE TOWN IS DYING.





At first glance, Sunnydale is an idyllic little place, fitting the image of perfection and carefree bliss that Southern California has become in the national myth.

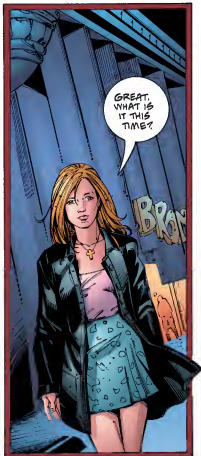
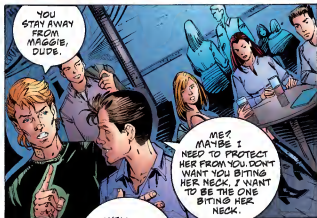
But Sunnydale isn't any of those things—it's the dark, twisted funhouse reflection of that image.

Here, nothing is what it seems. Vampires stalk the night, forcing the locals to realize they are no longer on top of the food chain.

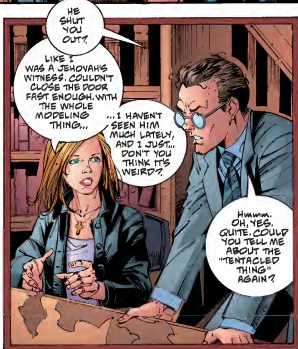
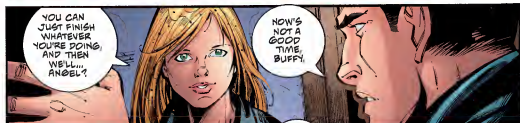
But then...

...neither are the vampires.

"...SO, I'M SITTING THERE, BARELY ABLE TO SIT UP FROM LOSING SO MUCH BLOOD, THINKING 'THIS THING WITH THE FREAKIN' TENTACLES IS COMING BACK FOR SECONDS SOON'..."







A comic book panel showing a woman with long, dark, wavy hair running through a wooden structure, possibly a ship's deck or a bridge. She is wearing a green, sleeveless dress with a white sash and a high slit. She has a look of extreme distress on her face, with wide eyes and an open mouth. A speech bubble above her head contains the text: (GOD, NO, PLEASE! LORD, SAVE ME!). The background shows wooden beams and a blue sky.

OH, I WON'T EVEN SAY THAT. NO, THAT'D BE A BLOODY SHAME. MEET GIRL LIKE YOU?

WOULD IT,

OH, YES

SO MANY MORE...
ARTISTIC WAYS TO
USE YOU, I CAN
HEAR YOUR
BLOOD SING.

<NO,
PLEASE...
PLEASE
DON'T
TOUCH
ME...>

SO MANY MORE ARTISTIC WAYS TO USE YOU, I COULD HEAR YOUR BLOOD SING!

NO, PLEASE... PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ME...



IT'S A WONDERFUL PARTY, ANGELUS. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD. I NEVER IMAGINED VAMPIRES COULD BE SO SOCIABLE.

HISTORICALLY, OUR KIND SO TEND MORE TOWARD SQUABBLIN' THAN CELEBRATION, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN MORE OF A LOVER THAN A FIGHTER, MY DEAR.

AND, I HAVE TO CONFESS, LASS, IT DOES ME COLD HEART GOOD TO SEE EVERYONE HAVIN' SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME.



YE SURE KNOW HOW TO THROW A PARTY, ANGEL. IT'S LIKE BLOODY CHRISTMAS, IT IS.

IT IS A LOVELY PARTY, THOUGH IT DOESN'T SEEM QUITE RIGHT WITHOUT TEA AND CAKES.



THANK YE BOTH. OUR KIND SPENDS SO MUCH TIME PLANNIN' FOR THE DAY WHEN THE BLOOD FLOWS LIKE WINE...

...WHEN, PERSONALLY, I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHAT WE'RE WAITIN' FOR.

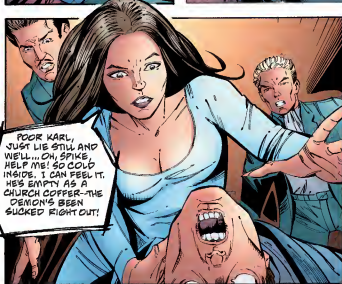
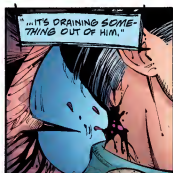
SPEAKING OF WINE, ANGELS, I THINK IT'S TIME WE BROUGHT ANOTHER "DECANTER" UP FROM THE CELLAR. LAST I SAW, THERE WAS STILL A YOUNG LADY DOWN THERE WHO LOOKED PARTICULARLY RIPE.

TIME FOR A TASTE, DON'T YOU...
ARRRRH!

WHAT IN HELL IS THAT?!

I THINK IT'S RATHER PRETTY. CAN I KEEP IT?

WHEREVER THIS THING CAME FROM, DRUSILLA, IT ISN'T GOING TO BE YOUR HOUSE PET.

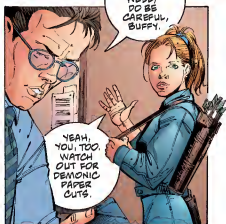
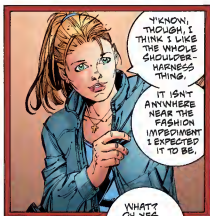
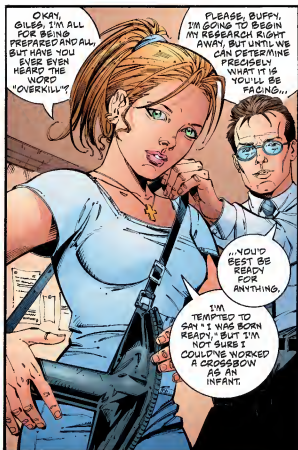


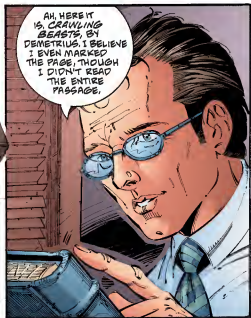


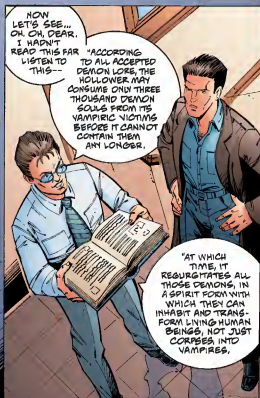
SORRY, OLD BOY, BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOUR PARTY. A BLOODY DISASTER, WASN'T IT?

ANGEL, REMEMBER THAT RAGGED VAMPIRE WE MET LAST WEEK? WHAT WAS IT HE WAS BABBLING ABOUT? THE HOWL-OW-N, I THINK HE SAID. DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANT THAT THING?

WHATEVER IT IS, LASS, WE'RE GOIN' TA KILL IT.









IT WAS
HERE ALL RIGHT,
BUT WITH THE
SEA BREEZE,
I'VE LOST THE
SCENT.

CATHERINE
WON'T BE
PLEASED IF
WE CAN'T
TRACK THE
THING.
ANGELUS
CAN'T KILL
IT.

I'M NOT
SURE
ANGELUS
CAN KILL
IT ANYWAY.
BUT I
SUPPOSE
WE'LL SEE.



THROUGH
HERE, I THINK
I'VE GOT THE
SCENT AGAIN.
GROWING
STRONGER
NOW.

YOU'VE
BEEN
SAYING
THAT ALL
NIGHT.



I CAN'T
WAIT TO
FIND OUT
WHAT THAT
WAS ALL
ABOUT.



COME ON, MUFFIN, MOVE ALONG, DEAR, WE HAVEN'T ALL NIGHT, YOU KNOW.



THAT'S ONE WAY TO PUT IT!

ABOUT TIME WE TOOK A LUNCH BREAK. I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA STARVE.



YOU WERE RIGHT!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU...YOU PUNKS!

OR HERE'S ANOTHER IDEA, MISTER—



—YOU COULD RUN!



THAT'S IT, MUFFIN, RUN!

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? THE SLAYER, ARE YOU? WE'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.

FAME, DOESN'T IT SUCK?





YEAH,
MY HEART...
BLEEDS... OH,
BOY... NICE
DEMON, NICE
DEMON...

BIG UGLY
DEMON, WHO'S
APPARENTLY MORE
INTERESTED IN
KILLING VAMPIRES
THAN LITTLE
OLD ME.

MAYBE
I'LL JUST TRY
TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT I'M UP
AGAINST
BEFORE I--

HEY,
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
GOING?

YOU
HUNT US
WHEN YOU
SHOULD BE
THANKING US,
SLAYER! IF NOT
FOR OUR
MISTRESS,
ANGEL WOULD
NOT HAVE A
CHANCE TO
SAVE THIS
PLACE.

ANGEL?
WAIT A
MINUTE, WHAT
DOES ANY OF
THIS HAVE TO
DO WITH--

--ANGEL?
AND WON, HE'S
FAST, NON THE
FLASH IS
A VAMPIRE,
GREAT.



YOO
HOO,
ANYBODY
--WHOA.



RISE
AND
SHINE,
SPANKY.



YOU
CAN'T BE
DEAD. IF YOU
WERE DEAD,
YOU'D BE--

--DUST?
WELL,
THAT WAS
NEW.

LOOKS
LIKE DEATH
BY HOLLOWER
IS A WHOLE
NEW
EXPERIENCE.



AND
SPEAKING
OF SLIME-BON...
HOW DO YOU
MAKE A TWO-TON
ELDER DEMON
DISAPPEAR?

THIS
CAN'T
BE
GOOD.

1892.

WE'RE ALL AGREED THEN. THE HOLLOWER MUST DIE.

I'VE FOUND LITTLE REFERENCE TO IT, BUT I DID FIND SOMETHING, NOT MUCH MORE THAN A LITTLE CHARM, REALLY, BUT IT OUGHT TO LET US GET IN CLOSE.

AND IF WE CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH, WE CAN KILL IT. AND IF WE DON'T...

THIS BEASTIE FEEDS ON THE DEMONS INSIDE US. WE EITHER KILL IT, OR ONE DAY, WE'LL ALL END UP ON ITS DINNER PLATE.

NOW, THEN, ARE YE WITH ME?

WE'RE WITH YOU, ANGELUS.



STAY
CLOSE, WE
DON'T WANT
IT THINNING OUR
RANKS BEFORE
WE EVEN REACH
THE INFERNAL
THING.



BACK
INSIDE, YE
FOOL,
NOTHING FOR
YOU TO SEE
HERE.

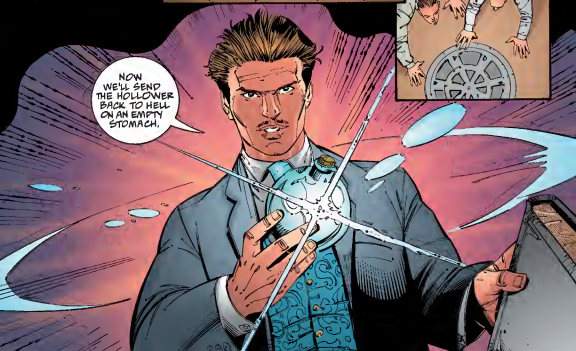


COME ON
THEN, MY LADS,
THE DEMON
GIVES OFF A
POWERFUL
BLOOD
SCENT.

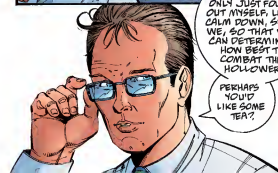
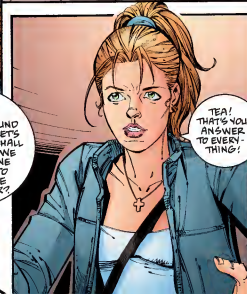
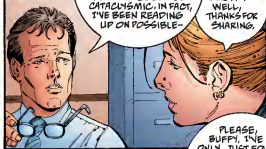
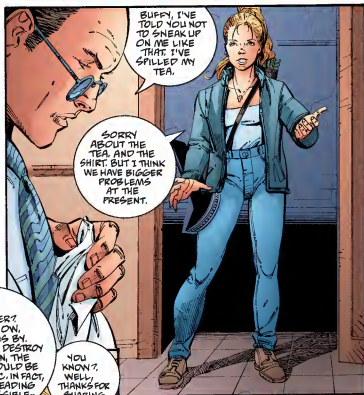
YOU'RE THE
BEST TRACKERS
WE'VE GOT.
FIND THE
HOLLOWER
FOR US.



WELL
DONE, LADS!
YOU'VE
FOUND ITS
BOLT-HOLE!



NOW
WE'LL SEND
THE HOLLOWER
BACK TO HELL
ON AN EMPTY
STOMACH.





YES,
WELL,
NO TEA
THEN.

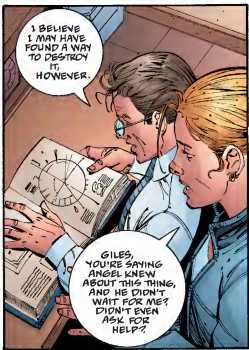
IN BRIEF,
SINCE WE MAY
NOT HAVE MUCH
TIME--AS YOU KNOW,
VAMPIRES ARE HUMAN
CORPSES WITHIN WHICH
DEMONS HAVE TAKEN
UP RESIDENCE, THE
HOLLOWER EATS
THOSE DEMONS,



ONCE IT
HAS CONSUMED
THREE THOUSAND,
IT...RELEASES THE
DEMONS, WHICH
THEN ARE ABLE
TO SOMEHOW...

...POSSESS
LIVING
HUMANS.

THESE
NEW CREATURES
ARE SLAVES TO THE
HOLLOWER, AND ARE
CAPABLE OF MAKING
NEW VAMPIRES,
WHICH THEN BECOME
THE HOLLOWER'S
FOOD, AND THE
CYCLE BEGINS
AGAIN.



I BELIEVE
I MAY HAVE
FOUND A WAY
TO DESTROY
IT,
HOWEVER.

GILES,
YOU'RE SAYING
ANGEL KNEW
ABOUT THIS THING,
AND HE DIDN'T
WAIT FOR ME?
DIDN'T EVEN
ASK FOR
HELP?

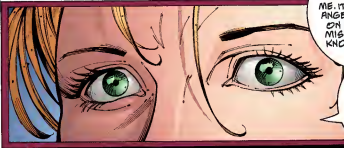


ACTUALLY, HE
WAS EMPHATIC
ABOUT KILLING IT
HIMSELF. IT SEEMS
HE HAS A
HISTORY WITH
THE THING.

SO HE
KNOWS
WHAT IT
DOES?
HOW IT
EATS?

OF COURSE
HE DOES, DON'T
WORRY, BUFFY,
ANGEL'S GOING
TO GET OUR
HELP WHETHER
HE WANTS IT
OR NOT.

NO
QUESTION,
BUT THAT ISN'T
WHAT'S BOTHERING
ME. IT ISN'T LIKE
ANGEL, GOING OFF
ON SOME SOLO
MISSION WHEN HE
KNOWS WE COULD
HELP.



MAKES ME
WONDER IF THE
REASON HE DOESN'T
WANT OUR HELP IS
BECAUSE HE HAS
NO INTENTION OF
KILLING THE
HOLLOWER.



"SEE, GILES, THE ONLY THING KEEPING A VAMPIRE WALKING AROUND IS THE DEMON INSIDE IT. WHEN THE HOLLOWER SUCKS THAT OUT, THE VAMPIRE IS DESTROYED.

"BUT ANGEL HAS A HUMAN SOUL IN THERE AS WELL.

"THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE HOLLOWER SUCKED THE DEMON OUT OF ANGEL. MAYBE EVEN A MIRACLE. MAYBE ALL THAT'D BE LEFT IS A HUMAN BEING.

"MAYBE ANGEL DOESN'T WANT OUR HELP BECAUSE HE WANTS TO FIND OUT."

ALL RIGHT.

LET'S DO IT RIGHT THIS TIME.

Hunting.

Angel's done this before. He remembers it well. Stalking the Hollower.

Tracking the blood scent the demon leaves in its wake.

Sniff... Sniff...

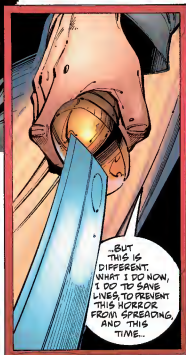
Last time, more than a century before, they'd hunted in a pack, dogged the creature to its lair under old Vienna. This is different.

It's here, somewhere, in the woods on the outskirts of Sunnydale. But the scent is diffuse. They've spread out, trying to get a fix on it.

It's very close now...

ANNGELLL!

IT'S KILLED THEM ALL, ANGEL! WE'RE THE LAST! IT JUST CAME UP FROM NOWHERE AND SLAUGHTERED THEM! WHERE WERE YOU, ANGEL?





THE
HOLLOWER
WILL
DIE.

Vienna,
1894.

«GEORG,
WHAT ARE
THEY? DID YOU
SEE THEIR
FACES? LIKE
DEMONS.»

«HUSH,
DARLING. HIDE
YOUR FACE AND
DO NOT SPEAK
OF THEM
NOW.»

«LORD, SAVE
US FROM THIS
HORROR. WE TURN
OUR FACES TO
THE LIGHT, OUR
BACKS TO THE
SHADOWS, AND
WE PUT OUR-
SELVES IN YOUR
HANDS.»

«JUST DON'T
LOOK, LITTLE
ONE. CLOSE
YOUR EYES
AND THEY
CANNOT
HURT YOU.
COME THE
DAWN, WE WILL
LEAVE THIS
PLACE.»

«I
NEVER
WANT TO
SEE
VIENNA
AGAIN.»

«NOW,
ME FRIENDS,
WE TAKE BACK
WHAT IS OURS.
TAKE BACK THE
NIGHT.»

«DEATH
TO THE
HOLLOWER!»





COME NOW, YOU STICKY DARLING, YOU'RE BEING VERY NAUGHTY.

JUST BURN IT, DRU! BLOODY HELL, IT WASN'T A CAT OR SOMETHING!



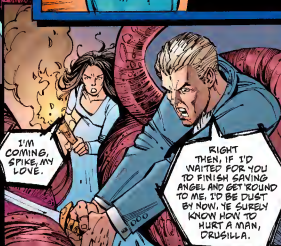
IT CERTAINLY ISN'T.

I RATHER LIKE CATS.



AND I DON'T LIKE THIS NASTY BEASTIE AT ALL, NOT THE LEAST.

AYE, THAT'S A GOOD LASS, I WAS A WEE BIT CONCERNED YE'D WANT TO TAKE IT HOME, KEEP IT AS A PET.



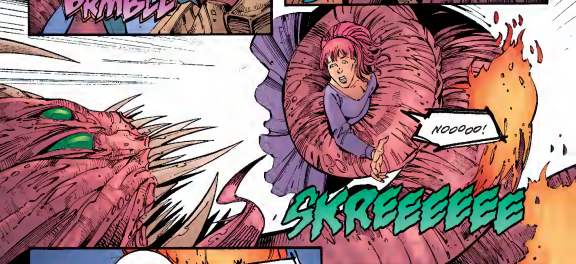
I'M COMING, SPIKE, MY LOVE.

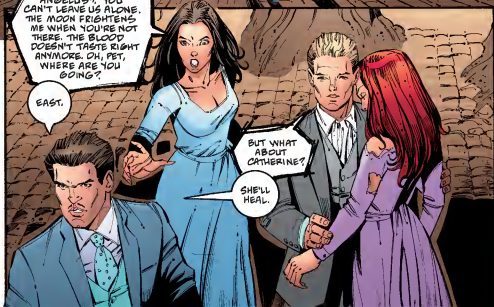
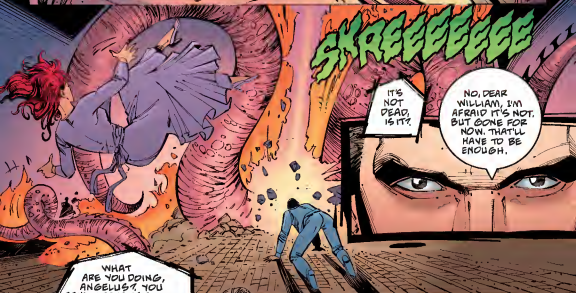
RIGHT THEN, IF I'D WAITED FOR YOU TO FINISH SAVING ANGEL AND GET 'ROUND TO ME, I'D BE DUST BY NOW. YE SURELY KNOW HOW TO HURT A MAN, DRUSILLA.

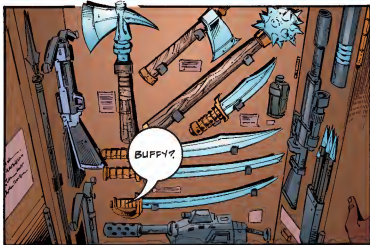


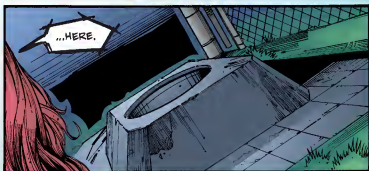
NOW, WHERE'S ME PRETTY BAUBLE

LOOKING FOR THIS?

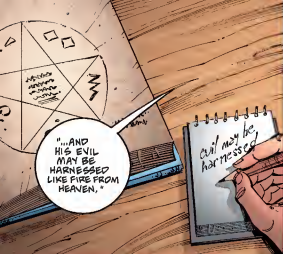














ANGEL, I'M...
I'M AFRAID. WE
HAD SO MANY MORE
WITH US LAST TIME,
AND WE COULDN'T
KILL IT THEN.

THAT'S
TRUE, BUT
THIS TIME, I
CAN'T AFFORD
TO LOSE.

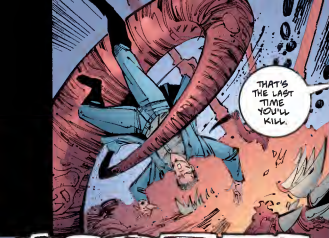


KRAKK!
SLOOOSH!



NO, ANGEL...
I CAN'T DO THIS!
I CAN'T!

I BURNED
MY FINGERS
AND MY EYES
DOING THE RITUAL
TO MIX THIS
HOLY POISON,
HOLLOWER.



THAT'S
THE LAST
TIME
YOU'LL
KILL.



THEO,
NOOO! I
WON'T DIE, TOO!
I WON'T SPEND
FOREVER INSIDE
THAT DISGUSTING,
BLOATED
BEAST!



WHY DO
YOU CARE,
ANGELUSSS?
I'M CURIOUS.

OH, YESSS, I REMEMBER YOU.
BUT YOU'RE DIFFERENT NOW,
AREN'T YOU? I CAN TASTE IT IN
THE AIR. BUT, SSSSTILL,
WHY DO YOU CARE?



THEY'RE ONLY
VAMPIRES. AS
EVIL AS I AM.

ANGEL
...I'M...
SORRY...



I'M NOT HERE
FOR THEM, YOU
UGLY FREAK. I'M HERE
FOR EVERYONE ELSE.
I'M HERE TO STOP
YOU NOW, BEFORE
YOU SPREAD THE
EVIL INSIDE YOU
ALL OVER THIS
TOWN.



OH, COME NOW,
ANGELUS. WITH ALL THE
EVIL IN THIS PLACE,
SURELY THERE'S ROOM
FOR JUST A LITTLE...BIT...

NO,
CATHERINE,
MOVE
IT!

...MORE!

SPURTTT

NO,
DAMN YOU!
THAT'S
ENOUGH!

ENOUGH!

OH, NOT NEARLY ENOUGH, I'M
AFRAID. IT WOULD BE ALMOST
POETIC, DON'T YOU THINK? IF
YOU WERE THE LAST ONE,
THE MAGIC NUMBER I NEEDED
TO TRIGGER THE EXPULSION
OF ALL THE EVIL IN ME?

BUT, SADLY, NO.
I'M STILL NOT
QUITE FULL.



ON THE
OTHER
HAND...THIS
SHOULD BE
INTERESTING.

NOOOO!

NOOO!



IF
I'VE SAID
IT ONCE, I'VE
SAID IT A
THOUSAND
TIMES...



NOBODY
MESSES
WITH MY
BOYFRIEND!



"AND NOT EVER AGAIN, IF WE DON'T HURRY, NOW DO JUST AS I SAY, AND MAYBE WE'LL ALL LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN."

FIGURE OF SPEECH, OF COURSE. NOW THEN, THIS IS A CONTAINMENT CIRCLE. IT SHOULD HOLD THE COLLECTED EVIL OF THE VAMPIRE SOULS WITHIN THE HOLLOWER LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO DISSIPATE.

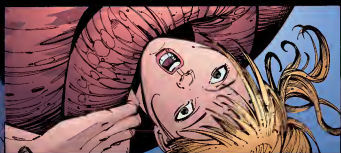
"IN A WAY, THIS SPEAR IS ALMOST LIKE A LIGHTNING ROD, TO GROUND OUT THE CHARGE ONCE THE HOLLOWER RELEASES IT."

"WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FORCE THAT, BY GROUNDING THE OTHER SPEAR IN THE DEMON ITSELF."

"LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU WANT ME TO IMPALE THE HOLLOWER WITH THIS?"

PRECISELY.

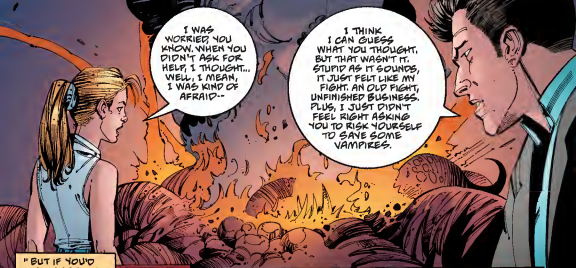
HELL, GILES, WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY SO?





WHACK!
Hunh!
Hunh. ANGEL
...WHAT DID
YOU JUST
DO?

"WHAT DID I DO?
I WON. WE WON."



I WAS WORRIED YOU KNOW. WHEN YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR HELP, I THOUGHT... WELL, I MEAN, I WAS KIND OF AFRAID--

I THINK I CAN GUESS WHAT YOU THOUGHT, BUT THAT WASN'T IT. STUPID AS IT SOUNDS, IT JUST FELT LIKE MY FIGHT. AN OLD FIGHT, UNFINISHED BUSINESS. PLUS, I JUST DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT ASKING YOU TO RISK YOURSELF TO SAVE SOME VAMPIRES.

"BUT IF YOU'D LOST, ANGEL... I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT. YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED. TALKED TO US, INSTEAD OF GOING OFF ON SOME MACHO VAMPIRE TRIP."

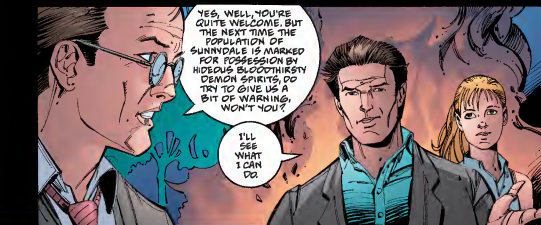
"THAT ABOUT SUMS IT UP, YEAH. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW IT WAS DUMB. IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, AND..."



GILES?



THANK YOU.



YES, WELL, YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME, BUT THE NEXT TIME THE POPULATION OF SUNNYDALE IS MARKED FOR POSSESSION BY HIDEOUS BLOODTHIRSTY DEMON SPIRITS, DO TRY TO GIVE US A BIT OF WARNING, WON'T YOU?

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

SO, I KNOW WE KINDA TOUCHED ON THIS, BUT I'M NOT DONE WITH THE TOUCHING.

YOU REALLY NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT? NEVER WONDERED, EVEN FOR A SECOND, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE HOLLOWER TORE THE DEMON OUT OF YOU? IF YOUR HUMAN SOUL WOULD STAY?

G I
ABO
HOW
I HA
ABOUT
WHAT
MEAN
US.

I'VE

OF COURSE
I THOUGHT
ABOUT IT, BUFFY.
HOW COULD I NOT?
I HAVE DREAMS
ABOUT BEING HUMAN,
WHAT THAT WOULD
MEAN FOR ME. FOR
US. THEY'RE GOOD
DREAMS.

BUT I
WASN'T ABOUT
TO GIVE IN TO
THE HOWLONER.
TAKE THAT, FLECK.

BUT I
WASN'T ABOUT
TO GIVE IN TO
THE HOLLOWER,
TAKE THAT RISK,
JUST TO SEE
WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN.

$\frac{A}{B} = \frac{C}{D}$

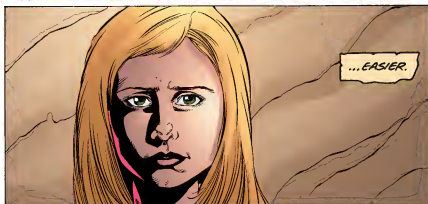
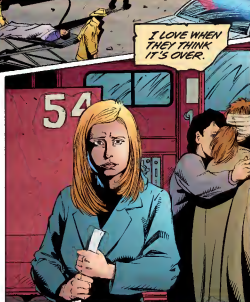
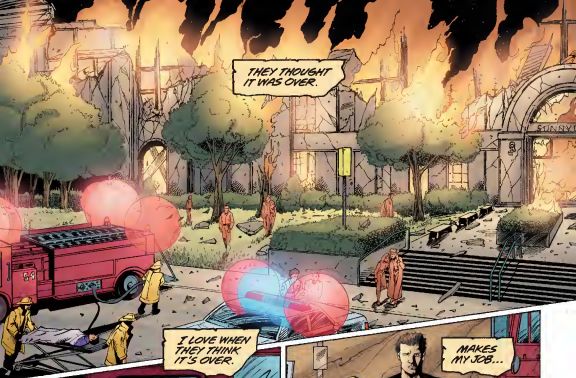
GRADUATION DAY





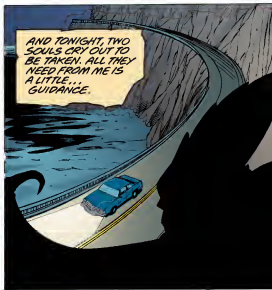
GRADUATION
DAY, 1999.

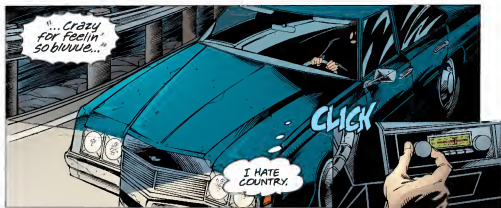




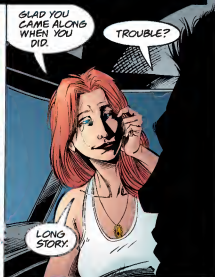


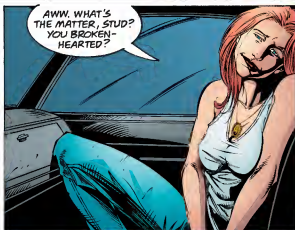
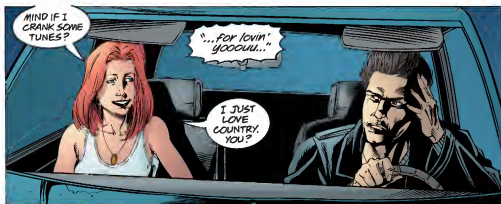




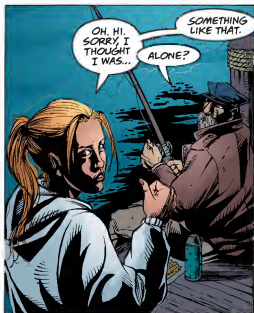


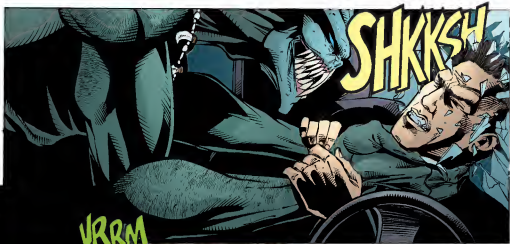
LIKE I NEED HELP FEELING LOUSY. AS IF KILLING A GIANT SNAKE AND FIGHTING A FULL-SCALE VAMP WAR WASN'T ENOUGH. NO, I GOTTA GO ROAD TRIP. GENIUS.





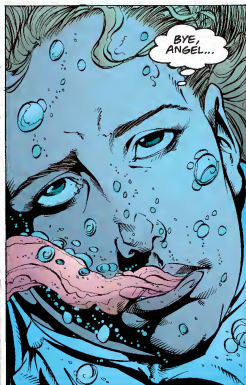
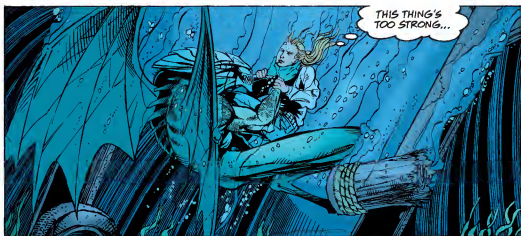






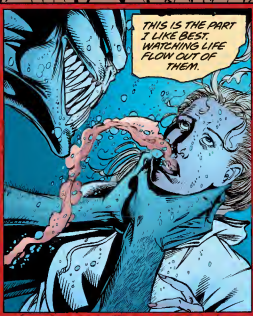




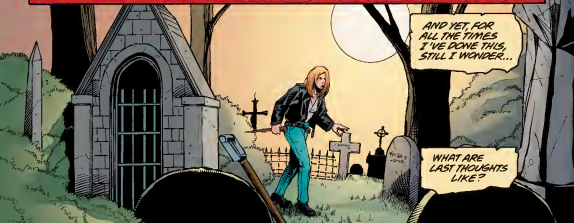




DID I MENTION
I ENJOY MY
WORK?



THIS IS THE PART
I LIKE BEST.
WATCHING LIFE
FLOW OUT OF
THEM.



AND YET, FOR
ALL THE TIMES
I'VE DONE THIS,
STILL I WONDER...

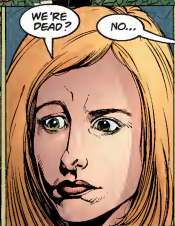
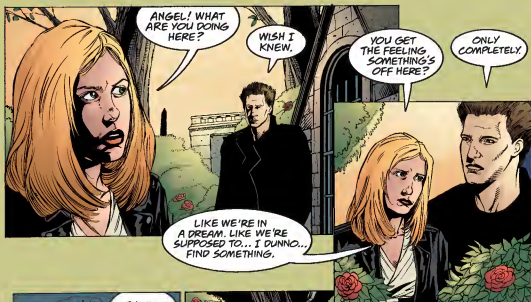
WHAT ARE
LAST THOUGHTS
LIKE?



THIS IS
WEIRD...



SNAP!





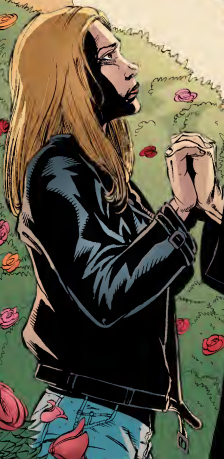
GREAT. YOU KNOW
I HATE TO SAY IT,
BUT I THINK THE
TALKING BIRD'S
GOT A POINT.

ME TOO. THIS
IS JUST A LITTLE
TOO TRIPPY TO
BE REAL.

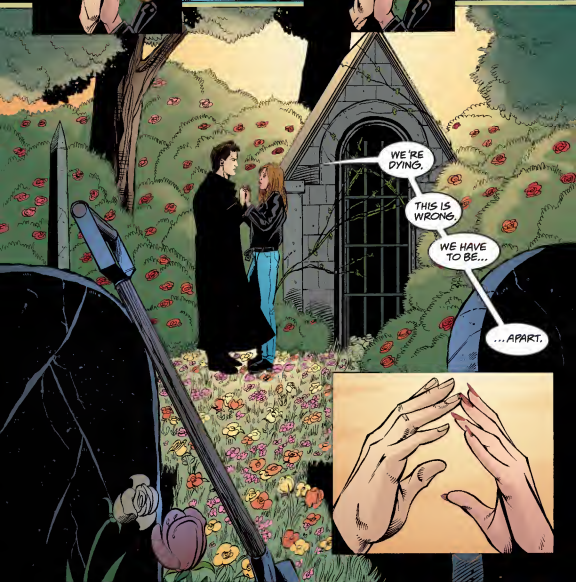


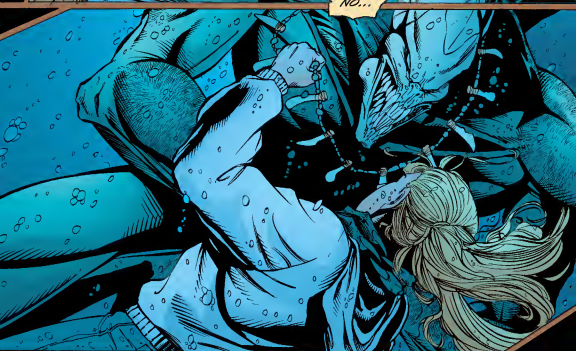
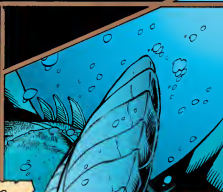
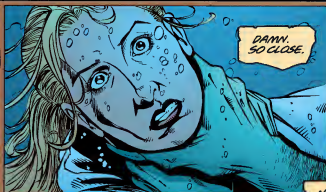
SO, THIS
IS...WHAT? SOME
KIND OF PSYCHIC
LINK?

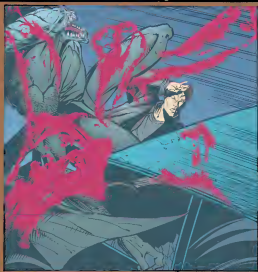
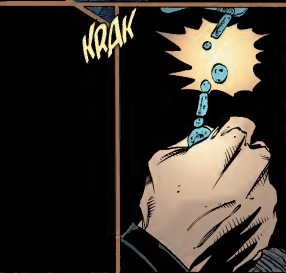
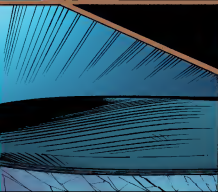
MAYBE.
WE'RE
DEFINITELY...
NOT HERE.

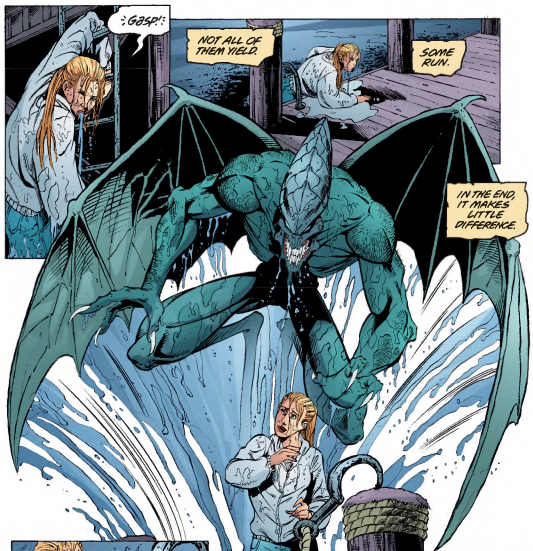


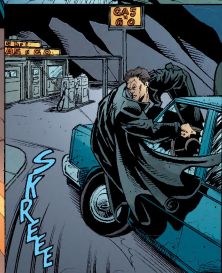
SO WHERE
ARE WE?











BOOM

USUALLY.





I THOUGHT IT WAS
OVER. I BELIEVED
THAT THE PAIN OF
SEPARATION WOULD
RENDER THESE TWO
SOULS RIPE FOR
THE TAKING.

I WAS WRONG.
THOUGH THE TWO
LOVERS PART,
THEIR CONNECTION
REMAINS--AND
THAT MAKES
THEM STRONG.

BUT I WILL BE
BACK. THIS IS
NOT THE END.

MERELY A NEW
BEGINNING--
FOR US ALL.

The End

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

"... stories actually read like lost *Buffy* episodes." —The Onion A.V.Club

Season Three of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* concludes in this fourth *Buffy Omnibus*, which has the Slayer tackling a familiar evil—the sexy, venomous vampire Selke in Andi Watson's memorable story arc, "Bad Blood." Novelist Christopher Golden (*Baltimore, or the Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire*) and comics creator Eric Powell (*The Goon, Action Comics*) join forces to explore Spike and Dru's tumultuous break-up in the short story "Who Made Who." And when an old flame of Angel's comes to Sunnydale looking for help, Buffy and Angel aid in her fight against The Hollower, an ancient evil returned. As Graduation Day comes to its fateful end, Buffy and Angel must say goodbye as the vampire with a soul journeys to his new home in Los Angeles.

Filled with mini-series and one-shots featuring favorite characters from the *Buffy* television series, the *Buffy Omnibus* series is a fitting companion to Joss Whedon's *Buffy* Season Eight found only in comics.

